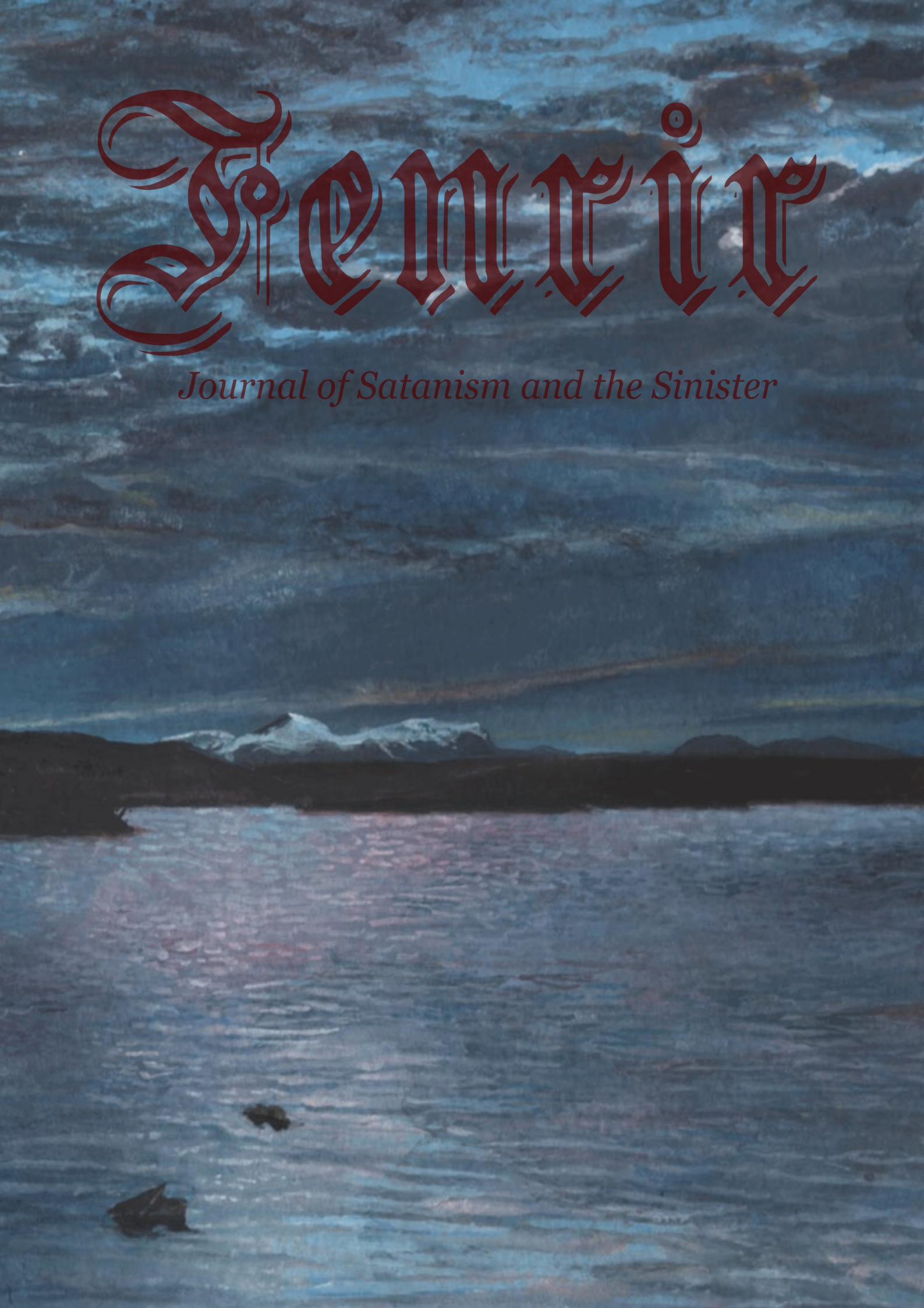


Zemir

Journal of Satanism and the Sinister

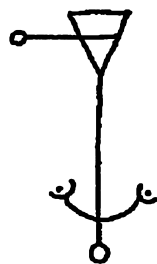


Zemir

Journal of Satanism and the Sinister

In red desert
Three fingers and a skull
Are laid on fur
The stones of a circle
Turn to frogs
The skeleton of a child
The birth of an army
A Nexion is opened.

AZANIGIN!



O.N.A
F E N R I R

~ Journal of Satanism and the Sinister ~
ISSUE I / 124 YEAR OF FAYEN

T H E H E R E S Y P R E S S



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INTRODUCTION

PURGE

In any serious organisation whether business, political or otherwise there will be intrigues, those who may attempt to usurp as well as those who may have drifted and, having served their purpose, find themselves excised - surgically, precisely - from the body politic. As this is the case in mundane organisations whether business, political or otherwise then what to speak of within such a deeply subversive organisation such as the ONA.

The ONA itself, as a truly Elite Order, is more guarded, more strict and more exacting than other institutions. Why is this so? It is because we are Satanic, we are genuinely Sinister as evidenced by our history of Sinister deeds and those dark and Sinister deeds being sown even now, these conspiracies born as the ONA's own devilish spawn, the secret, underground activities occurring beneath layers upon layers of a particular ONA-style "encryption."

The ONA is dangerous and, composed of genuinely dark, genuinely Satanic individuals, these Satanists are dangerous to be around. Those who come into contact with the ONA, however briefly, with whatever varying degree of commitment, may well find themselves exposed to the occupational hazards of being so involved. They may find themselves embroiled, perhaps and in certain cases unbeknownst to them, in situations which are considered illegal by mundane law, in other cases they may become targets of state surveillance.

Being a Satanic organisation, that is, an organisation of a particular, sinister sort, which tends to draw certain types, those involving themselves with the ONA may find themselves exposed to those persons living on the sharp end of life including criminal elements, violent elements and, in some cases, sociopathic elements. Sometimes they may, during the course of being tested in their Satanic resolve, find themselves the targets of sinister japes - sometimes cruel, oftentimes nearing sadistic.

There will be the fanatics in an organisation such as the ONA, those who may take a very literal interpretation indeed concerning certain proscriptions, certain ethics contained not only in the vast corpus of practical articles and writings but as well in the works of Sinister fiction - our Sinister folktales. In fact, there may be some, those Elite few, who are working with a fevered intensity to bring about exactly the sort of scenarios depicted in such writings, titularly fictional as they may be. Such is the nature of defiance, such is the nature of those who will seek to strive - with demonic intensity - toward a coming Dark Imperium.

The ONA has for over forty years championed and perhaps more importantly engaged in that which is amoral, that which is hostile, that which is defiant, that which is alien and dangerous to the mundanes. It has called for and championed bloodshed and has inspired bloodshed in the real-world. As such any involvement, however slight, with the ONA is fraught with a certain peril for the mundane and often seemingly slight involvement may have lasting consequences.

Those who are familiar with developments within the ONA may be aware of the fact that the ONA itself has recently gone through its very own "night of the long knives", its very own Great Terror. In this and in subsequent issues of Fenrir readership will note that some elements previously featured are markedly absent, whereas new ones will be apparent and

certain sleeping giants awakened. Such is the nature of a Living ONA, such is the nature of self-cleansing, such is the nature of purge.

ONA is building a power base through terror. This terror, the terror of the Acausal, involving occult aspects as well as things such as human sacrifice and culling, can be likened unto a great and treacherous Acausal ocean. Within these treacherous waters some will drown, while other monsters, some who have been transmuted to kill, destroy, corrupt, and torture through their personal confrontations with the Dark Gods, will rise to the surface.

ONA is, as ever, labyrinthine. A wilderness of mirrors full of false leads, deception, japes and occasionally purges. Considering this, do you wish to enter? Should you answer in the affirmative we must, with much emphasis, repeat what has been told to us before by our own guide along the Seven-Fold Sinister Way: "But then be aware that everything in here has a certain price..."

ONA

July 4th, 124 YEAR OF FAYEN

SATANIC TRAINING FOR THE SINISTER QUEST

During the early, formative years of one's Satanic development and, indeed, throughout one's Sinister Quest in general, it is especially important, indeed, a requisite, to couple one's esoteric study and practice with both practical acts of evil in the real-world as well as harsh physical training that will require one to push themselves towards - and then beyond - their moral and physical limits.

Few things can compare to the sort of visceral exultation that one feels when having pushed one's body above and beyond its limits again and again, year after year, decade after decade - through such harsh physical training one will become a suitable vessel through which the Dark Gods will manifest.

Few things can compare to that awful sensation, that tangible grasping of what is genuinely evil, genuinely Satanic, than purposefully inserting oneself into situations of profound moral dilemma and choosing the "darker option" in each instance, seeing how far one can go in being genuinely transgressive, in the real-world, far from the safe confines of the "ritual chambers" of those despicable pseudo-"Satanists" who defame the name of our Prince, not only through their actions, but rather, through their inaction.

Through such hideous undertakings one will begin to realize the decidedly transhuman nature of the Dark Gods and, through consistent practice, year after year, decade after decade, one will instinctively become aware of how to presence the Dark Gods through one's manipulations, through one's actions and thus learn (through accrued insight) how to become (and create) a nexion through which the Dark Gods will be presenced.

If mundane lives are harmed in the process, all the better. For remember that cherished aphorism from the Black Book of Satan: "He who stands atop the highest pyramid of skulls can see the furthest." Do you possess, within the recesses of your Sinister mind, your very own "Black Book"? A "Black Book" of those mundanes whom you have caused great suffering in the course of your Sinister Quest, whom you have utilized brutally and without mercy (whatever their station, whatever their supposed relational status or protected status according to social mores) - thus transgressing your own Magian programming in the process - and whose skulls you can then add to the pyramid, raising yourself ever and ever higher, towards even more devilish vistas than before? If not, then you have not understood - and not applied - the principle of utilizing mundanes as a resource to be used.

For those beginning their Sinister Quest and, whose apprehension of the way of the ONA and the arduous tasks involved may seem quite daunting (as they should, as they are), attempting the following exercises (or similar) may prove useful to those aspiring toward the Satanic. As an addendum in regard to the same, also as an impetus toward application and practice, be advised that all of these exercises have been practiced by associates of the ONA either in the stage of Initiate or External Adept.

Physical training:

- 1.) Engage in for a period of no less than six-months, after technical study of the methods so involved, strenuous and dedicated "Iron Body" training coupled with meditation on the sigils and names of the Dark Gods.

Such techniques in short (and as emphasis, serious study of the physical, technical aspects

of such practices are highly recommended - as failure to do so may result in long-term physical damage) involve such practices as graduated toughening of the body through such practices as breaking a concrete slab resting across the abdomen with another concrete block while visualizing a specific sigil of a specific Dark God during the point of impact.

Another example is combining visualization of the sigils of the Dark Gods with “Iron palm” training. In this type of exercise, one practices striking a burlap sack filled with mung beans, gradually working up to a burlap sack filled with gravel. As one strikes, one should visualize a sigil of one of the Dark Gods “bursting” into manifestation in front of one. Additionally, internally (non-verbally) reciting a name of a Dark God while concentrating on the area between the eyebrows can be utilized simultaneously.

2.) Create a harsh and extreme personal interdisciplinary system (as an example, composed of various aspects of bodybuilding, weight-lifting, power-lifting and competitive strongman training) with an aim of building enormous strength and effecting dramatic physical modification. Combine this with psychological methods aimed at producing increase in aggression as well as exercises (alone or with assistants) to continually test and go beyond ones pain threshold. The Sinister adherent committing to this type of system should practice the same for life, along the way gradually developing it into more extreme directions year after year, becoming a type of Sinister blood beast possessed of dangerous and predatory tendencies - an intimation of a certain type that will be present in our coming Dark Imperium.

3.) For a period of no less than six-months engage in an intensely strict and demanding training regimen that consists of covering vast areas of land by foot daily through both walking and running - this can be effected, as one example by constant travel along sidewalks (if living in a urban or suburban area) complimented with all-terrain hiking in accessible wilderness areas. This should be combined with consistent engagement throughout the day in intense military-style physical training exercises such as push-ups, sit-ups, etc. and an increasingly spartan diet - key here being that one should be engaged almost constantly in physical activity. Through this method one should ideally reach an emaciated and manic mental and physical state through which one will become a passive receiver of certain energies from the Abyss. This method will, if successful, culminate to a zenith point involving personal confrontation with the Dark Gods.

Areas of moral dilemma:

1.) Infiltrate a religious/social/political institution with the intention of causing disruption and havoc within the ranks of the same. The religious/social/political institution so chosen should be one which you will feel some natural sympathy with in terms of its goals and members, as such, your disruptive mission will also serve the purpose of forcing you to betray certain natural emotions and tendencies, thus making you harder and effecting a degree of alchemical change. The infiltration can last anywhere from three months to six months (or longer) depending on logistics and application. This type of activity can be dedicated as sacrifice to a particular Dark God.

2.) Engage in direct inversion of ones sexual proclivities and/or role-reversal against ones natural inclinations. If one is a heterosexual male one should experiment in uranian practices, a heterosexual woman, in sapphic practices. If one is already a practicing uranian or sapphist, then the opposite. Those who self-identify as dominant should become submissives, and submissives dominant. If one is a committed monogamous, explore polyamorous options. These types of reversals will bring insight and also effect a certain degree of alchemical change.

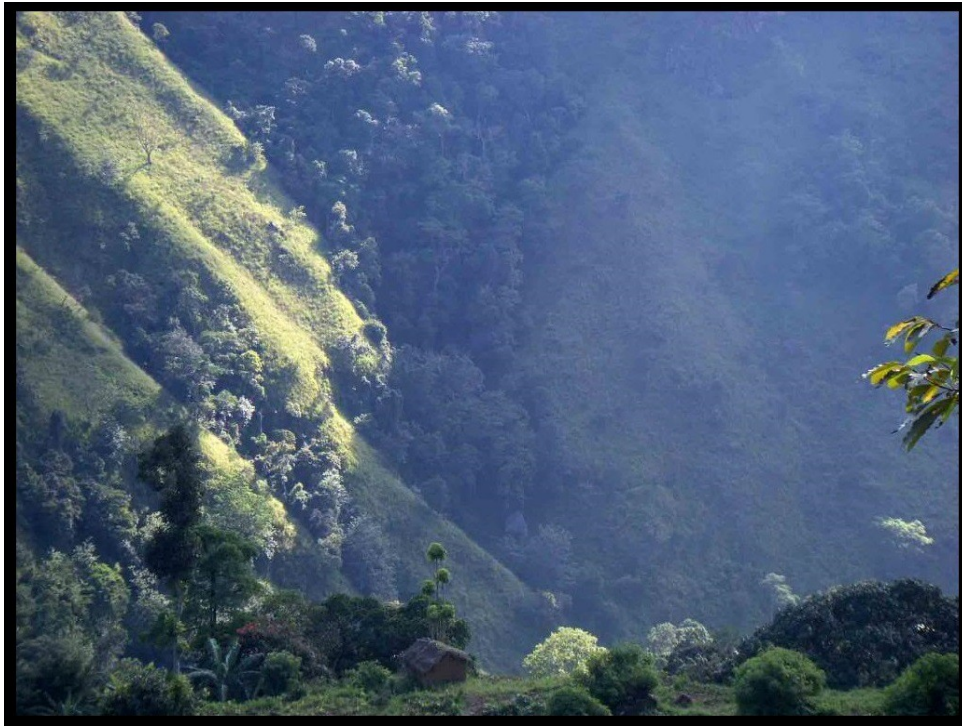
3.) Utilizing a professional approach and environment as well as methodology, target a specific individual with whom you feel some natural sympathy with and encourage them in certain directions which will cause them to become compromised at great personal cost. While engaging in such shadowy, underground activities and especially after the target's doom has been secured, such can be dedicated as sacrifice to a particular Dark God, which will allow certain energies of the Dark Gods to be entrapped within the Sinister adherent - thus speeding their evolutionary development.

Closing statements:

At the quintessence, the purpose of those treading along this Sinister Path is to, via their deeds, their actions and undoubtedly, via themselves is to bring the Dark Gods onto this earth planet - to be those type of Sinister Adepts, working clandestinely and secretly (and sometimes openly - but just in the periphery of one's vision) who will bring in the Dark Gods and all the potential catastrophe and calamity, pestilence and ruin that goes along with the same (a nightmare for the Magian, a delight for the Satanist.) In order to effect this most hideous of goals we must steel ourselves and reconstruct ourselves, to re-form, re-mold and toughen ourselves, indeed, to forge ourselves in the type of fiery ordeals that only hell can provide.

Jall, ONA

HELLS ON EARTH



For many Magians and members of the White Lodge, it may be comforting to imagine that ‘Hell on Earth’ is an event or reality from the future. Yet many of the world’s ancient cultures state that at several points in history, certain geographic regions have become so contaminated by sinister energies that they became literal hells on earth. In these regions, physical mutations were common, as were the appearances of inhuman beings and creatures. Sorcery and witchcraft replaced mundane religion. Demonic tribes and regimes replaced the indigenous human populations, which were relegated to slavery, hunted for sport, or in some rare cases, kept for breeding stock. This is not to say that all was anarchy, as the demons recognized kinship, valor and honor – but they did not extend those traits to those outside their own tribes. Acausal contamination is very real, and is evidenced by the theme of the ‘haunted house’ in modern tradition. But in earlier times, entire regions (not houses) were understood as visible, tangible places where the Causal and Acausal blurred together. The following are some examples of prominent Hells on Earth. Many more such nexions exist, as evidenced by urbane folklore.

SRI LANKA: This island located south of India was the ancient kingdom of the demon monarch, Ravana. Overlord of the Raksasa (“beast-head”) tribes, Ravana subjugated the human population of Sri Lanka and slew or expelled the native gods who resisted him. A tyrant of many vices, he nevertheless enjoyed the fealty of other demon nobles, and kept company with humans of exceptional quality. During his time, Sri Lanka was feared and loathed by the mainland Indians for being an open doorway to the underworld, while likewise serving as a great capital for those of sinister gifts. Ravana was eventually defeated by a coalition of mainland divinities, but is revered to this day as one of the principal deities of Sri Lanka, and is claimed as an ancestor by several prominent families.

LOCHLAND: The home of the Formori (“Sea People”), Lochland was the demonic

kingdom in Northern Europe. Gigantic in stature and possessed of supernatural powers, the Formori invaded parts of Norway, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales and raided and pillaged the neighboring human tribes on the continent. While some appeared alien and grotesque, others were inhumanly beautiful. Both types engaged in romantic liaisons with lucky (or unlucky) mortals, resulting in demonic offspring that later became champions or demigod chieftains of their own tribes. The Vindex figure of the Camlad tradition is likely inspired in part by these tales of sinister demigods.

JOTUNHEIM: The Jotunheim mountain range in Norway was believed by the ancients to be the home of the giants (jotuns), a savage and dangerous race that was inimical to the human settlements nearby. Possessed of magic powers and the knowledge of the runes, the giants warred continually against the Aesir (gods) for sport. While the giant kingdom has since been sundered from this world, it is believed that before the great battle of Ragnarok, they will manifest again in Jotunheim and partake in the final war for Eorthe.

HYRCANIA: Located south of the Caspian Sea, the mountain ranges of old Hyrcania were believed by the ancient Greeks and Persians to be a haunted region ruled by demons. An extension of Hell itself, the nameless king of this territory ruled from the capital city of Mazandaran, a city of eternal darkness lit by pale sorcerous lights. Many human rulers are said to have attempted to lead armies into Hyrcania to seize the legendary wealth of its hidden capital city, but few ever returned. Those few that did claimed the mountains were empty – yet the remains of those disappeared armies have never been found. The demons are believed to have withdrawn to an underground city beneath Mount Damavand, the local volcano that slumbers fitfully today. Local tradition holds that in the final nights, Damavand will erupt, releasing the demon hordes back into the mortal world.

ANAON: Also known as Annwn, this realm existed alongside the mortal territories of Great Britain. The inhabitants, known by such polite terms as ‘the Gentry’ where known to abduct humans for nefarious purposes, or alternately to change places with them (e.g. ‘changelings’). Humans who escaped from this realm described fantastic castles and kingdoms with supernatural inhabitants who vaguely resembled their human counterparts, but with an odd, eerie quality that was offsetting to beasts and mortals alike. The inhabitants of this place were effectively undying. The Christians recognized this as the devil’s kingdom, leading to the common curse in Old Welsh: *mont da Annwn*, meaning ‘Go to Hell’.

B. Toller

June 2013 ev

THE FIELD

I knew something would happen that night. I could feel it in my throat, in my belly, deep in my loins. It was an unusual circumstance for me to be in town after dark, and the streets were still and quiet, devoid of pedestrians at this hour. I was strolling by the railroad tracks when I was grabbed from around the corner of an abandoned building. I did not have time to react physically before being clumsily pushed along the few paces to the damp wall, my arms held at my sides by the sudden grip around my waist. I did not squirm or struggle, but moved with the driving force and the sharp rustle of nylon material that accompanied it. The man pressed his body against mine to keep me in place as he moved his arm to wield a hunting knife in my direction.

He looked me in the face and said in a low, agitated voice, "Don't move or scream, or I'll slit your throat." He looked away and began to anxiously unbutton my blouse with one jittery hand. I held back a smirk at his not having the sense to simply cut away the fabric. I settled myself under his pressure, steadied my breath and observed him.

His head was shaved, and his face was tense with concentration as he fumbled with my clothing. He breathed quick and heavy, all anxiety and nerves. I surveyed his countenance by the glow of the solitary street lamp above us: broad, rough face, arched brows, a wry mouth, slightly too full. He was young, and his fingers shook as he undertook his crime. When my blouse was loosened, he buried his head in my shoulder, his breath warm in my hair, and began to roughly move his free hand up and down my exposed flesh. I arched myself subtly at his touch, and he lifted his face to look at me, and leant forward in tentative, skittish jerks, as if to kiss me. I caught his eyes and welcomed him, but he turned his head down in confusion, and pulled his body from mine to work at the button of my trousers. He hissed in frustration -- the garment was too much for his single, awkward hand -- and I moved slowly forward, cautious of the blade, slinking myself away from the wall and into him. He stiffened as my cheek came to rest against his, and my hips pressed toward him, and I whispered, "You don't have to force me." I fluttered the barest of kisses by his ear, and placed my hand upon the arm which bore the knife, and gently brought it down. I kissed along his jaw, and took his empty hand, and pressed it to my bare belly, and guided his touch along, to my breast, and held my hand over his as it rested there. "I want to take you home with me."

* * *

My head thrummed like a smooth, heated machine as we walked. He was dumbfounded, speechless, as I led him along, but willing enough to answer any question I put to him. "Do you have a car parked nearby? Do you live in town? Do you live alone?" No, he was walking. Yes, he did. No, he lived with his mother. I did not ask about the patches on his jacket, the garishly emblazoned swastika, the badges of subversive ideology; his political bent was neither here nor there to me. His gait bespoke of a confidence, whether natural or contrived, that must have bordered on the cocky in ordinary circumstances, but he entered my car willingly nonetheless, docile as a tamed animal. I smiled at him and squeezed his thigh before turning the key. We spoke little on the drive deeper and deeper into the country, as the street lamps grew fewer and the darkness richer and fuller. I would from time to time glance over at him with a loving, hungry glimpse, to assuage his doubts, to increase his confusion. His knee nervously fidgeted up and down at the start, but I stilled it with a caress, supplanting the nerves to instead course throughout his tightly wound body for the duration of the ride.

We were met at the end of the long, unpaved, heavily wooded drive to my abode with the glare of a single motion sensor light cutting the black night, and the hounds in position, anticipating my return. I told the young man to wait in the car as I led the dogs to a fenced-in area where they would not be underfoot, or treat my guest with aggression. I opened the passenger side door, and silently beckoned him out. I pierced him with my eyes as he stood in the harsh beam of light, and kissed him brutally, pushing him against the vehicle. He took a moment to respond, but his enthusiasm soon escalated, as did my own, and we clutched one another roughly for a time. I pulled away, and stripped to my waist, and demanded he do the same. I bit into his shoulder, the flesh young and strong, and enjoyed his gasps as I reached down and deftly unzipped and reached my hand into his fly. I eased him onto the ground, and stood, and told him to remove his boots and remaining clothing, as I did likewise.

He lay naked before me, propped on his elbows, and I stood naked above him. I could smell myself, the blood of menses, rich and redolent with life, the rot of death close on its heels. I gingerly pulled the tampon from myself, saturated with blood and the fluids of arousal, and tossed it aside. I dipped my hand into my own wetness, and smeared my breasts. The boy watched. I told him to stand. I covered my fingers once more with blood, and anointed his brow. His eyes were wide, and I placed his hand between my legs. We continued; I had my way with him, and he had no shortage of pleasure of me, without the culmination of coitus. We nourished one the other, he upon my blood, myself upon his seed.

With languid shyness, we collected our clothing and I unlocked the door. I debated whether I ought to ask if his mother would be worrying, but held off; boys will, after all, be boys. We playfully conversed over a light supper, which he ate in his jeans and naught else, his face still encrusted with my blood. I took him to my bed, where we talked in low voices for a long time, and I worked him once with my hand before drifting to sleep. I eased from his arms in the night, and stepped into the night, and my own meditations there.

I woke him before dawn, and bathed with him, cleansing him of my marks. I led him outside by the hand, nude and fresh, and the rising sun illumined us as we fed one another the last small, sweet blueberries of the season. We lay at the foot of the field where the plum and cherry trees grow, and enacted the play of nature's design. I tasted the dew on his skin, and saw the golden light upon his lashes. He held my hips as I straddled atop him; I leant forward, my breasts pressing to his face as I reached into the low-growing shrubbery and retrieved his knife from where I had hidden it the night before. I picked up the pace and drew him to completion, and with his groan I slashed the knife forcefully over his taut belly. His body shuddered with climax and shock, and he gulped at the air like a fish as I breathed in the stench of his bowels. I finished him off, and touched his lifeless cheek before heading inside and putting on some work clothes. I took the tiller to the area by his body, and loosened the soil before digging the hole. It was well on in the day, and I was quite tired and sweaty as I dragged his body into its resting place, leaving a trail of blood to soak into the earth. I shovelled in half the dirt and headed to the dog pen where the animals paced anxiously, instinctively aware of the energies in the air. I called to one of the young hounds, hardly more than a pup. He was a promising beast, but over-eager, prone to rashness and excitement, and overstepping my discipline. He followed me to the field and I held him firmly, and with a reassuring whisper ran the knife into his throat as efficiently as I could. I placed him atop the lad, and filled in the hole. The day was waning early; summer was at its end. I stripped of my filthy clothes and burned them by the grave as dusk set in, and when they were ashes I had a shower, dressed, ate a well-deserved meal, fell into bed, and slept deep into the next day.

Olwen Thrush, ONA

NIGHT HUNGER

I was outwardly a complete atheist throughout my teen years, but I had a strong, internal, secretive mystical bent which I kept entirely to myself. I had an attraction to Lilith, but this was in no way connected to any Satanic or occultic influence; I had no interest in such groups, and did not inquire into them. My interest and intent was very straightforward: I wanted to be one of Lilith's cohorts, a succubus. I respected Lilith as a demonic figure, vampiric and destructive by nature, and I wanted to be likewise destructive: selfish and without self, feeding without hunger, a cold creature of controlled chaos. Totally immoral and predatory, no philosophizing about it. It was about physical and psychic domination, to please and disturb and confuse and enthrall. I did not care about being beautiful or feeling physical sensations; those were unnecessary, extraneous. I wanted to be powerful, to conquer, overwhelm, and abandon.

This did not make me sexually attractive; quite the opposite. I pursued boys, and was viewed with dread and revulsion. This filled me simultaneously with pleasure and disappointment; I wanted their fear as much (or more) as their desire, but I did not anticipate I would favor the terrible side so heavily.

I see Lilith worship in vogue these days, and people conceptualizing her in ways which are very different from my own understanding. I wonder what they hope to get out of a relationship with such an entity? I was very young when I had my interest, and it was neither a very educated nor disciplined connection, more instinctive and personal. Can I say there have been lasting effects, well after the fact? I am childless, isolated, disinterested in family life, and am likely to remain so. I have an automatic, visceral urge to manipulate men I come into contact with, regardless of attraction or purpose, but this I can control, though I find this persistent response in myself both amusing and disconcerting.

I see Lilith worshippers who seem to be at heart interested in mundane, happy-go-lucky lifestyles, cuddling young relatives, going to weddings, hanging out with friends, snuggling their partners, so warm and loving and sunny. What is there to love about Lilith? What place has love in her engagements? Where is the taste for the demonic?

Jayalalita devi dasi

Azanigin...Azanigin...

DRILL SGT. GREY - A DISTURBING ANALYSIS

P T . 2 : E N C O U N T E R S

VVM



“Dying moonlight framed upon dark walls
Throughout this black home the silence is deafening
None can hear what echoes from within
But I can hear the endless screaming
Behind the locked door.”

“DON’T YOU LIKE IT?”

The message came to her non-verbally via the auspices of conventional hearing, instead, entering her mind through an intrusion into her very root consciousness itself - telepathic communication which first took the sounds, inaugurally, of screaming machinery being churned into itself, harshly, insanely, but which, through some esoteric fashion, transformed itself - within her mind - to words which she could somehow understand.

“NO DADDY! MAKE IT STOP!”

Huge, thick rivulets of deep crimson, blood, elixir, dripped down the pointed chin of the alien’s almond-shaped face - from a thin, slitted mouth, behind which only small, sharp and predatory fangs could be seen.

Eyes, black upon deepest black, unchanging, uncaring, unmerciful - and indeed, undead; gave no indicator, no solace, no indication of any emotion, of any mercy - of any empathy remotely related to the “understanding” which marks the exchange between human-

betwixt-human and, which in her case, had apparently become a standard now obsolete.

Atop his head was perched a curious item, a broad-brimmed felt hat, possessed of a high crown, pinched symmetrically at the four corners. On the center front of this hat was emblazoned the numerals three-three-three which appeared black, yet thick and pulsating, as if the numbers themselves had been imprinted onto the accouterment with blood, obtained via some foul, evil and torturous practice and - no doubt - culled from, perhaps, the most innocent of victims.

Seemingly pixelated images began to burst into her vision, her eyes rolling up into their sockets, images that seemed alien to her own earth planet, in quintessence, yet were possessed with strange shapes that seemed to resonate with her despite their bizarre nature - and - indeed - the trauma-laden nature of their delivery.

The alien rubbed a skeletal finger, dripping with the blood of the little girl's parents, across it's military BDU jacket, which hung relatively limp against it's emaciated, undead frame. In his other hand he held a crystal tetrahedron, drenched in blood, which pulsated with pale, disturbing light.

Embroidered upon it's right chest was the legend "GREY" - apparently, it's surname. A strange geometric symbol, which the little girl would, later, learn to be the insignia of a group called the Order of Nine Angles - dedicated to opening up portals to other worlds and bring in Acausal, Dark Gods, through catastrophic acts of terror and profuse bloodshed, was pinned in medallion form upon it's left.

The sound of several booming male voices, yet too deep in metre to be human at all, began to echo out from the corners of the room, sounding a sinister chant unlike any that had been heard prior upon that earthly terra firma, each voice seeming to hold within it the inconceivable potency of every evil act, every horrific deed, every act of disruption, terror; cruelty and deceit; manipulation and inducement to insanity that she could imagine that they had done; that sinister chant could be felt upon their breath from afar, like a cold shade.

"AGIOS O BUDSTURGA!" screamed Drill Sergeant Grey.

Drill Sergeant Grey fingered the long disciplinary paddle attached to his utility belt, drilled with holes to reduce wind resistance and cause additional blistering and bruising, with no discernible emotion upon his face. Emotions has been killed, burned away - burned with the infernal fire of Satanic ordeal, Satanic trial and the uttermost limits of transgression of human laws in every moral sense.

"To those outside it is a simple construction of wood
But those inside know what is truly in store...
Behind the locked door."

VIDE ALIENUM SUPER COLLEM - CLAUDEM, ONUSTEM, ET NECARE PREPARATEM



SWORDS OF DEATH

Forge not works of art, but swords of death...

All of us know the quote taken from the 21 Satanic Points of Conrad Robury, some of us who have taken the trouble and applied even the slightest bit of discipline may have even memorized it by heart: “Forge not works of art but swords of death, for therein lies great art.”

Despite the clear message of this statement, which if practiced even amongst a minute population of those taking shelter under the “Order of Nine Angles” mantle would turn the larger “ONA family” (which is becoming as soft as any of the pseudo-intelligentsia of the Temple of Set and Church of Satan these days) into an elite worldwide network of functional terror squads – it seems that the vast majority continue to keep on making the same mistakes – thus flying in the face of the ethos which this satanic point represents.

Long before propaganda promoting the “sinister” became characterized by who prints their books on the most expensive paper and who utilizes terminology the hardest to pronounce in their self-concocted invocations, there was once a time when people interested in Traditional Satanism often only possessed a few written works by the Order of the Nine Angles because of their relative scarcity.

A wise individual recently told us that one of the problems of the modern seeker is that they have too much information but lack the capacity to digest and apply any of it whatsoever – this rings true for the larger Satanic networks at this present juncture.

In reality, should a person possess only two or three (or even only one) fundamental ONA manuscripts and fanatically apply the ethos contained within with a fanatic will, that person can succeed in throttling themselves into a leap forward beyond mundane existence and become in graduated degrees a real-life, a breathing walking “Satan” unto themselves (and unto others who may be fortunate enough, or perhaps unfortunate enough, to come into direct contact with them.)

Now however we inhabit a situation in which persons are more interested in archiving their “collections”, printing a “new collection” or formulating some half-ass ritual to “give access to their collection” than they are practicing even to a minute degree what some of these manuscripts suggest and which some demand.

While decentralization into separate autonomous “sinister tribes” looks good on paper, as does the concept of “going beyond the traditional” – what this has amounted to in practice is giving carte blanche to the filth (yes, filth) to take what they like and disregard what they don’t like, or even more specifically, take what is easy and disregard what is hard. How many people have bothered to undertake a real insight role, meaning something that goes against their inherent self-conceived nature?

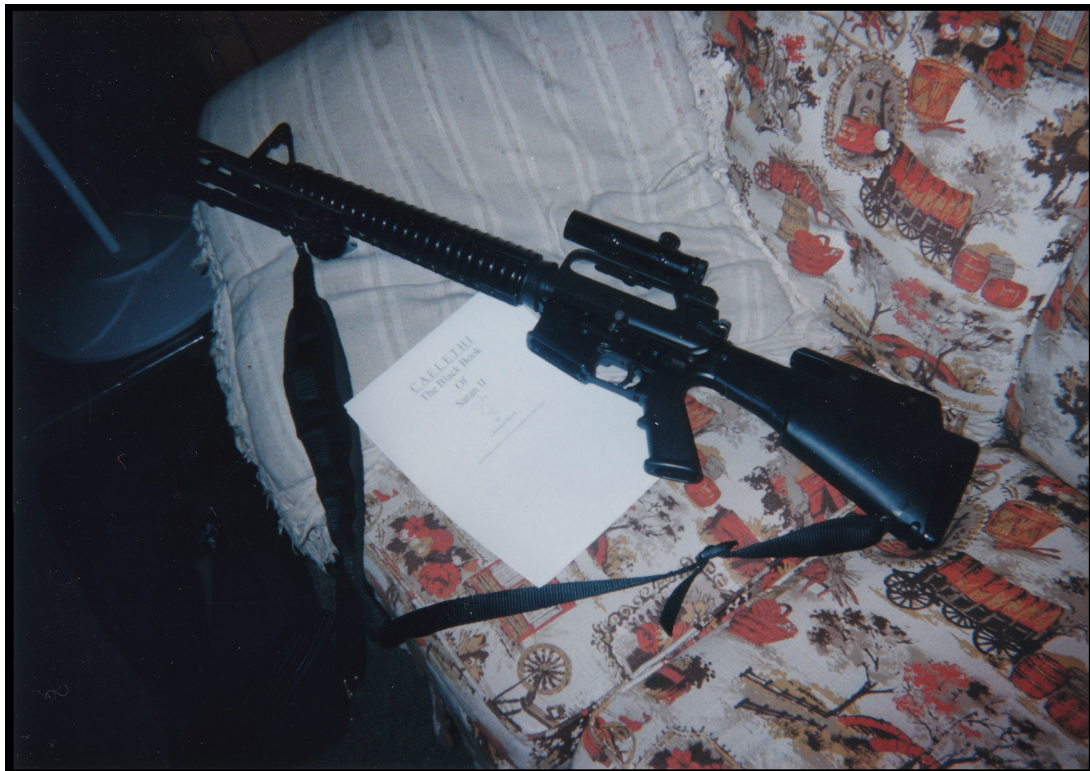
If they did, these same persons would perhaps find out that their self-conceived nature isn’t their nature at all, but simply an illusion of limitations to be identified and overcome – thus bringing out from the alchemical alembic a being of genuine terror and numinosity. However, this would be too hard. If they can get their “sinister apropos” by spouting off at the mouth, why not simply take the easy route, after all, the ONA is simply an accessory to their “real life”, right?

How many people within the so-called “sinister” these days ever bother to enact real physical training, what to speak of approach the execution of some of the more tedious commandments, such as culling? If they did bother to enact physical training, they may find it easier to break free from their self-made chains of interests, likes, dislikes and paraphernalia – ONA teaches that base obsession with overtly “sinister” paraphernalia to be part of the neonate stage, but how many people really ascend beyond this, how many actually want to?

If they did approach or execute such a thing as actual human sacrifice, then these persons would quickly sink or swim because rather than inhabiting a misty netherworld of pseudonyms, “factions” (most of these equate to “titles of factions” only!) and cosseted self-comfort they would be propelled into a world fraught with real danger – the danger experienced by those who know they have something to hide, the danger experienced by wanted felons or even the danger experienced by those who have become prisoners of the state.

“Forge not works of art, but swords of death...” – how many of you are going to take the challenge? Most of the genuine Satanists have long left the cross-contaminants that are the so-called “sinister tribes” of the modern day or perhaps don’t even know of their existence – if they did, knowledge of such would only be a cause for disgust, because these elements are truly beneath contempt. When “zero hour” arrives, who will be writhing in real-life with the energies of the abyss, who will be holding something greased, black and made of metal and ready to use it – and who will be shivering as they clasp their “zip-drives” and run to save their computers as their world goes up in flames around them? We know what side we will be on, do you?

SS/ONA



Aeonie Insight Role, 2002 Era Horrificus

THE SINISTER SEVEN-FOLD WAY:

TEARS, TERROR, BLOOD AND HORROR

If there are those who are willing and able to avail themselves of the quintessential aspects of the Sinister Seven-Fold Way with due discernment (i.e thus endeavoring to, and actually engaging in, concretely, in "real-world evil", "Insight Roles", "Aeonic Insight Roles" and "culling" [whether successful or no in the latter respect, though failure should only increase, not decrease, whatever tumult, and, indeed, tragedy, which one has been exposed to via the effort - which only builds, rather than decreases, genuine Satanic character - and should act as a tangible desire for full "completion" of said ordeal]) then those sectors who "represent" themselves as ONA will indeed truly represent (in a concrete fashion) real, tangible and accessible "evil."

If indeed those subscribing to and/or now associating with the ONA, however ephemeral such subscription and/or association may be, feel themselves to be "duped" or indeed "manipulated" by a shadowy "Inner" ONA then it would behoove them - as such - to study and indeed, endeavor to practise, concretely, the sort of sinister manipulation, leading up to the practise of "Aeonic Magick" (backed by tangible action, rather than pseudo-intellectual pontification) then those too will find that they themselves have done the necessary to inhabit the status of hardcore, "Inner" ONA via personal (and collective) actions, not words, and thus find themselves upon a platform where the Sinister Dialectic can be realistically forwarded by personal (and collective) deeds, based upon genuine Insight and Satanic Character.

When one reads about the sort of deeds committed - and deeds apparently inspired by - persons allegedly associated with the Order of Nine Angles over the last several decades, it should be made perfectly clear that the person (presumably) believed to be Anton Long does not have a monopoly on applied action - on living, rather than limply paying lip-service, to the Sinister.

For, in quintessence, the Sinister Path is a living tradition, involving as it does such things as real, practical evil, Satanic deeds - deeds that lie far outside of the purview of the noxious breed of sycophants, pseudo-intellectuals and failures who may think that they have - but in reality have no place whatsoever - within the hard, exacting system explicated by the Order of Nine Angles.

Each person who has the daring to apply, brutally, the lessons explicated by the ONA will, through the insights gained through the rigours of the neophyte and initiate levels - what to speak of the more expertly applied, and increasingly evil maturity (which, necessarily, hardens one) of an External Adept and Internal Adept - after the copious tears, terror, blood and horror over the course of years and years of hard, exacting actions - often clandestine in nature - such a Satanist will realize that the sort of life rumored to have been lived by Anton Long can indeed be lived by anyone who is sufficiently arrogant, defiant and possessed with a fanatical will to Manifest the Dark, in a concrete fashion.

Rather than simply reading about activities fictionally presented in, let us say, such sinister folktales as presented in "The Dark Trilogy: A Sinister Concerto in Three Brief Movements", those who have the guts, the hardness, the drive to be genuinely Satanic will not only read but become inspired to do something similar - to expand the Sinister Dialectic, in real-life.

Rather than simply considering the figure of Anton Long from a pseudo-intellectual perspective, or worse, attempting to cover up an inherently un-Satanic character by attempting to co-opt his notoriety (or, in the case of the amateurish mercantile driven individuals who linger on the periphery who attempt to co-opt his extensive corpus of writings for fiscal profit and social apropos based on the “pretendu business” social discourse involved in dealing in the same) the genuine Satanist will not only seek to emulate Anton Long - in real-life, via concrete deeds and sinister action - but to surpass him. To become, and inspire others to become, the type of individuals that will, via the living of devilish lives and Manifesting the Dark, seeded by “real acts of chaos in the world, implying events of great suffering” (1), the type of dangerous individual capable of opening the gates through which our Dark Gods may enter.

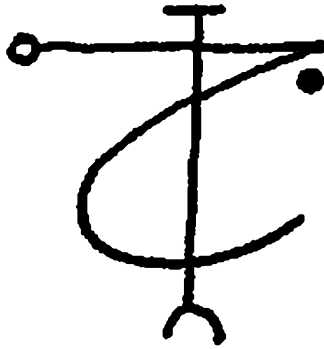
References:

(1) Words of Vermiel, Urgan, England, Order of Nine Angles 114yf

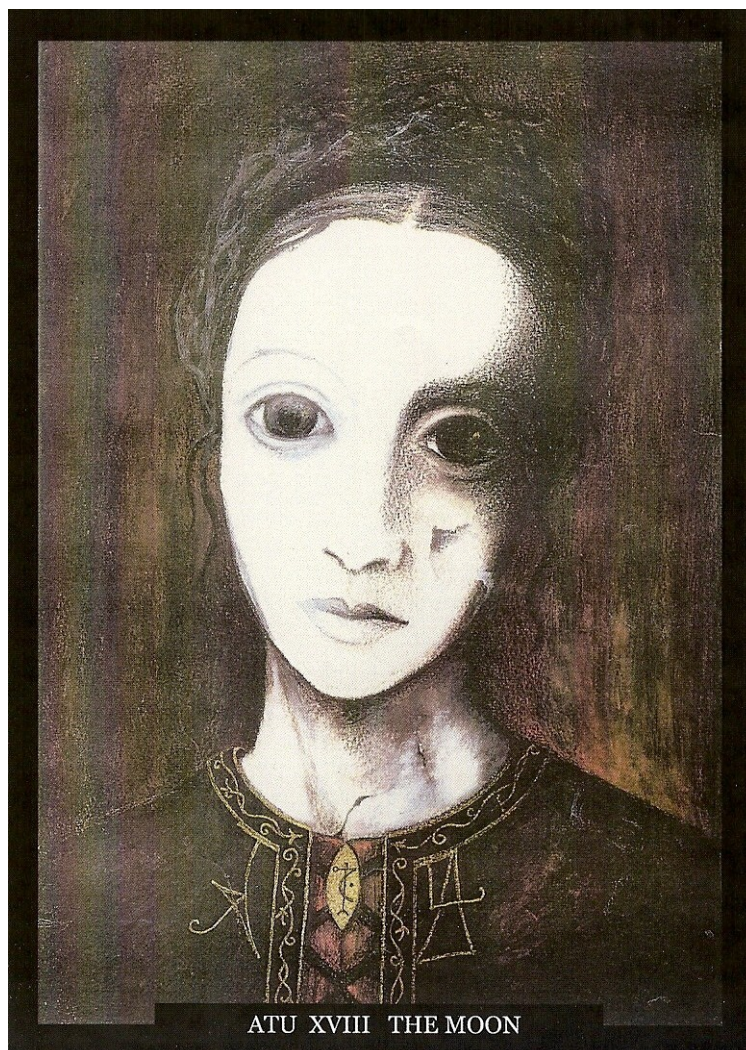
Jall, ONA

NOTES ON SHUGARA

BETWIXT LUNA AND MARS:



Shugara: One of the most hideous intrusions possible on the causal level and very dangerous. G major key for invoking chant. Manifestations often are accompanied by a smell similar to rotting flesh. – NAOS



That which has not yet been confronted within the psyche of the individual; that which is strange, which lies outside the scope of any world view; that which lies within the Dark Pool beneath the Moon and threatens to devour, create madness. A stage which cannot be ignored if further development is sought, requiring a descent to draw out that which is obscure, fearfully hidden: the gateway to the Abyss. A point from which there is no turning back: that which leads to rebirth via death.
-*The Moon, The Sinister Tarot of Christos Beest.*

Her black hair is akin to that of a Gorgon: thick, moving as if alive, as if each strand was a vile serpent. Her mouth is large, bloody, overflowing with devoured flesh and bones. She bares sharp fangs. Her eyes are of an unfathomable darkness; an intense obsidian. Paralysis follows Her glance. If allowed to touch it, Her skin is soft and cold. Generally, Her form [1] is ever shifting, and does not remain fixed to one singular manifestation for long. The violence of her transformations is bewildering. Her shriek is powerful and sudden – like wild thunder echoing in the mind.

Shugara truly is a dangerous Dark Goddess [2], and the threat of going insane after invoking Her is very real. When invoked, She gives voice to all the most violent desires one has ever had, with no discrimination of the target. Mother, father, lover, child, friend, foe, dead, alive, sentient, insentient – all these are meaningless before the violent inspiration (or more appropriately, *enthusiasm*, taken in the original meaning) of Shugara.

Shugara will utterly destroy the psyche of those individuals that cannot revel in destruction. Those who are too weak to exult in the most sinister, most chaotic of violence will become prey to Her power. Those who are strong, who have shed all mundane notions of morality, and who can join Her in Her sports will succeed.

Never forget who you are. Never forget that *you are the power, the glory, and the god*. The moment that you forget this, or your belief in who you are wavers, you will surely perish. Set an enemy before Shugara. Join Her in destroying this enemy. Do not place yourself between Her and your enemy – it will spell you demise. Witness Shugara's ecstasy when She is covered in the blood of Her enemies.

By virtue of being an acausal entity, the Dark Goddess Shugara is not limited to simple mindless destruction. Shugara is of those energies that confirm, consummate and otherwise complete the process of initiation. The alchemical process of calcination is completed by Her energies. Once She is known – there is no turning back, no regression possible.

Repeated vibrations of “Agios o Shugara,” can induce a subtle, yet powerful trance – presencing those energies suitable for esoteric initiation. A practical application of such a vibration can be found in the Black Book of Satan.

Chapter XVII of Anton Long's “Temple of Satan” (Volume II of the Deofel Quintet) serves as an interesting insight into the nature of Shugara – especially when manifest through Old Aeon/Magian forms of ritual magick.

Aethelius Zardex

ONA, 121 YEAR OF FAYEN

Notes:

[1] Acausal entities appear differently to different individuals. They are not *limited* to certain specific forms and qualities and Their essence cannot be congealed into causal abstractions.

[2] These notes refer to Shugara as a Dark Goddess, but this does not mean that She lacks any “masculine qualities”. It would be more appropriate to say that Shugara is androgynous, as perhaps all Dark Gods are. The question of gender appears to be inapplicable to Dark Gods, due to Their very nature. To realize the nature of these Gods is to answer the following questions: Why must there be only two genders (male & female)? Why can’t there be three, four, five, or millions of different genders? Causal abstractions can only approximate (without ever fully fathoming) acausal realities.

FAKNOIA777

Good... DAMN IT! WE MESSED UP ON OUR

hells! daddy time

LOSE THE REAL MOTHER THE ANGEL

you will BECOME
TOON
"kill HILL"
not we MEAN? KILL KILL KILL!
333
I'M GONNA EAT YOU!

PUT ON...



Time to join the fun soon lil boys or lil girls this is only a tiny little bit of that which waits....

How charts tunnels? you know the REST of the story - I DREAM! hehehehehe.....

INTERESTINGLY INDEED that we can also talkie his PREFERRED and in some STRANGE cases, PROFFERAY But, h3, ALWAYS proper Method.... Because WE HIS WEAPON - is not an INERT instrument.... hohohoh! OH NO! WE are ALSO SENTIENT!

333 WHAS TO SHU "HOWE!"
SOMETIMES TALK BACK! Hahahah.h.h.h.
8
Lial for now expressedly
also
"where you iiiissuav"

THE DARK HERESY OF THE SINISTER FEMININE

Let us be straight to the point in this instance. Those of the Sinister Feminine, those whom by spirit, body and verily and most importantly quintessence, embody the sort of instinctively cunning, and, indeed, devastating powers of She whom which we honour as the Mother of Blood (and indeed, the Mother of Murder) are veritably, and instinctively, those who know, instinctively, innately, that the Mother of Blood, referred to in the Traditional Satanist and Seven-Fold Sinister Way parlance as Baphomet, or in variance of access portal as Azanigin, is the natural and furthermore strategic progression amongst those who pursue the furtherance of the Sinister Dialectic, the Sinister, the Satanic.

Beyond and well and far beyond indeed than that which is imagined by the despicable pseudo-"Satanists" of the so-called Church of Satan (CoS) and Temple of Set (ToS), those who are of the genuinely Sinister Feminine, those of the ONA, in brief, in stark contradiction to the passive show of the female body and identity as an "altar" and thus "placemat", as evidenced by the first two organisations in question, the ONA, instead, reveres the Sinister Feminine as that inherently dangerous, numinous and indeed quite deadly bringer of wyrd that such entities amongst the Dark Gods(esses) denote - as a brief schooling and exemplar including Azanigin, Baphomet, Budsturga, et. al.

Some will say, in response to the aforereferenced, "Who brings this judgment upon women, who predicates this despicable pretense of a potentially wicked womanhood?" To those we say, veritably, to hell! The anomaly of "feminism" as it exists in the West is as much of a farce as the patriarchal-driven brainwashing existent formats in both the "traditional" West as well as baldly present in a myriad of cultures existent elsewhere.

The question remains, should those of the Sinister Feminine adhere, slavishly, to any of the inept, vapid models presented by the mundanes? The answer, needless to say, is a resounding "Nay!"

For those who practice Sinister deeds, enacting acts of real-world evil, engaging in Satanic, Sinister ordeals, and forwarding the cause of bringing down the Dark Gods upon this earth planet, acting therefore as literal agents of hell on earth, bow not to the inept, vapid and hide-bound ideas of the mundane but instead embrace the terrifying, that genuinely numinous, and in many cases, horrific in comportment characteristic of the Sinister Feminine.

As one example - consider the following list from ONA corpus of those entities *specifically identified* as being feminine - emphasis on *specifically identified* here in the contextual sense that none of the other Dark Gods are certainly not, as careful reading will uncover, specifically identified as male (1), though the description for Lidagon as "...representation of the union of the two sexual opposites (Darkat and Dagon) in their darker aspects" perhaps gives a hint towards strategic avenues to be taken. Therein, as well, presenting such entities such as Darkat and Dagon conjoined as representative of their *darker aspects* - is all the more ominous.

From NAOS:

1.) AOSOTH: Dark female force. Works of passion and death. The name should be vibrated.

2.) AZANIGIN: Mother of all demons who lie waiting in Earth. Key of B minor. Very useful to invoke in works of personal destruction.

3.) DAVCINA: Female form along the 19th. path. To be vibrated. Useful in works of enchantment.

4.) BUDSTURGA: A blue, aetherial entity related to 13th. path [. Tradition relates it as a Dark God, of female aspect, trapped in the vortex between the causal and acausal spaces. In one sense represents hidden wisdom - but generally dangerous to sanity. Partially manifest when Nemicu vibrated.

5.) DARKAT: Goddess, associated with lunar aspects. The name is traditionally regarded as pre-Sumerian in origin of the myth of Lilitu/Lilith - the female counterpart of Dagon, remembered as one of the Dark Gods from their last manifestation on Earth. Associated with the 10th. and 8th. paths.

As the adept reader will readily recognize from the list presented above, none of the Dark Goddesses here present attributes of the human mundane and are not elaborations of the human, mundane female and the rather petty aspirations, self-conceptions and projections of the same.

For where the mundane will, by their very mundane nature itself, seek to bring down these Dark Goddesses, these aetherial, special beings, down to their own mundane, infeeble level, those of the Sinister Path - both feminine, masculine as well as the sinister adrongyne, that blasphemous melding of the two - will seek to bring them down to earth in earnest, through opening the gates through which they may come and walk amongst us. (2)

The Dark Goddesses are known for producing profoundly dangerous offspring, often, in unnatural fashion. Are we not ourselves the Daughters of Baphomet? The dark heresy of the Sinister Feminine is that it is, without question, transhuman and we also must ourselves become transhuman, to become as they are, transforming ourselves in ways that will often require using the harshest possible methods, so that we, like they, often working in the dark, and secretly, unseen, will also produce profoundly dangerous offspring, often, in unnatural fashion - thus seeding, replicating and through so doing sowing the seeds of chaos that will, in time, tear this very world asunder.

Jall, ONA

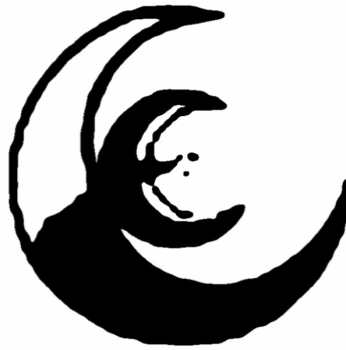
Notes:

(1) Perhaps the exclusion in this instance might be Sapanur, described thus: “SAPANUR: Form along the 11th. path. The sudden fire of destruction. A primal atavism of human origin - not related to Dark Gods.” Sapanur is described as being related to uranian practices (with all that would entail) in another MS from the larger ONA corpus:

“Male Temples are usually sub-dedicated to Sapanur: the 'demon' of all-male spirituality, and an image is present in the Temple. Traditionally, Sapanur is depicted as a strong man of sinister features who wears thongs on his arms. He brandishes a cuboid from which intense light is emerging, and his member is wellformed and erect.” - The Black Mass - Gay Version, The Black Book of Satan III, Christos Beest, ONA

(2) “According to Sinister tradition, it is possible to “open a nexion to the Dark Gods” by certain sinister rites. Some of these rites involve such things as esoteric chant (q.v. Naos) combined with a large, clear, pure quartz tetrahedron, while others involve ceremonies of blasphemy, excess and human sacrifice.” - The Dark Gods, Anton Long, ONA

THE FRACTURED FLOWING SEA



Silently, unseen, They come ashore in various places, there from Their restful lair beneath such offshore sea as hides Them. Come ashore, to especially seek out the young, the vulnerable, whom they entice to suicide, to murder, and to death, and whom they sometimes steal, alive, and breathing, for it is the acausal energy, the very animator of mortal human life, that They, these shapeshifters, need, acquire, at the very moment of human dying when such humans give up such mortal limited causal lives as makes and marks them as but temporary mundane vessels for that acausal energy that is the essence of Their very Cosmos.

Thus did some few of Them for well over a year set forth across the Bristol Channel to come ashore near Ogmore-by-Sea and thus did They entice with Their wiles, Their chants, Their sexual shapeshifting enchantments many young people, male and female, with visions of the real eternal life in the acausal world to come where all would be pleasure and joy and freedom from illness, death, and sadness. Thus did those humans, young and mostly inexperienced and sad with the problems of their lives and of the world, willingly and often almost with gladness give up their own mortal living. And thus were these acausal shapeshifters – that strange and alien race of living-acausal-beings – there at the moment of such human mortal death, stealing, snatching, containing, or imbibing, draining, the acausal life-energy that left those young and human ones in that the last moment of such mortal human causal life as made, and as marked them as, human.

For They – these visiting acausal-beings of unformed chaotic darkness – lurked not in the shadows of our world but in those hidden angles, that nexion, between where our three causal spatial dimensions met and meets our one linear dimension of a so slow and so dreary causal Time. Thus can and thus did They in one instantaneous moment of causal Time reach forth to snatch their prey, unseen, unheard, unsmelt and unfelt, by humans: by all but those few of we, the vessels, who possess that special, peculiar, that magickal, empathy: that esoteric-life which takes our mortal, human, being out away from a safe, tame, mundane and human existence; out away from the conventions of the causal into the very living-being of that limitless eternal acausal Cosmos, unseen, untouched, unvisited, unknown, except to they those few who willed or unwilled – in dreams or through a Dark and Sinister Magick – ventured forth or explored there and who never returned quite the same; if they, those venturesome vessels, ventured to return, at all.

Silent, unseen, Their own Earth-bound place of unwilling dreary rest was beneath the sea near the shore of that westward English town whose long curving sandy beaches – on sunny and not so sunny days – would often be alive and festered with living happy

humans. And it was there to their lair where They these shapeshifters returned replete with victims dragged living, dead, or dying.

Thus it was by that shore where she, the strongest most determined of Her kind, was waiting – DeepSpace-dark and almost transparent – as the clear night sky shed light from a waning moon in May. Waiting, there, as the incoming tide covered those mud flats beyond that curving sandy beach and where the sea, flowing, fractured such moonlight as seeped down seaward down and briefly to make flashes, pulses, of almost incandescent iridescent beauty on and just below that English tidal shore.

She: waiting, for her much needed food. Waiting, for some human unsuspecting – the younger the better for thus full, replete, with such acausal energies as gave to them those humans such causal life as ambled them along their causal-spaces. She; waiting – for someone unsuspecting to walk alone along that moonlit shore when she would and so swiftly pounce to drag her prey away; back, down, under that sandy-muddied water to where Their lair existed, waited, and where she would feed until satisfied replenished renewed replete, and sated; able thus to change, to live, to shapeshift again in those causal Spaces that had somehow trapped her, and her travelling curious if predatory shapeshifting kind.

And there would be no evidence for meddling, curious, human vessels to find. For the body, the life, of the prey would be gone, leaving no trace, as the sea would leave no trace with its flowing soundful tidal tideful ebbing. No trace, of what few marks she and her kind might have made as one more of those the half-struggling because caught was dragged down to drown where the shallow inshore sea met the deeper sea of that unseen because shapeshifted lair.

No, no evidence; no dismembered corpse to float – bloated and bitten – back at high tide. No bones, brains or flesh. Nothing ever to be returned, leaving perhaps perchance only one more disappearance, unnoticed, or perhaps always unexplained. No, there would be no evidence for those human vessels to find: for she and They would devour or use them all: every ounce of human brain, muscle, organ, flesh; every drop of plasma, fluid, blood; every inch of marrow, sinew, bone. Needed, required, as They needed the very acausal life-force that seeped out from such vessels as and while they, those humans, cried, spluttered, gurgled, and died: food, energy, to maintain such forms as formed Them, there as They schemed, plotted, lived – and dreamed as They dreamed – of how to find a way back to the home that was Their home: there, where the acausal dimensions kept them replete with Life and ageless amid that Time that was Their time.

1.

The nearby town, the sandy shore, the coast, even the sea, was not, of course, Their choice. But it would do – for now, as it had done, for nearly a decade after They, these travellers, had somehow in some way become sealed, trapped. Thus had they lived, but only less than half-alive, there on that water margin that somehow marked one meeting of such so different worlds; there, beneath the water where the lowest of low tides gave way Westwards to deeper sea as the mud-flats at its edge gave way, East, to that curving sandy beach, play-thing for many of that modern causal species, Homo Hubris.

Once, perhaps two hundred years or more ago, the town itself might have had much to commend it: a small fishing village of mostly small cottages built from locally quarried stone, rising above one rocky and one sandy cove. And even when the railways brought

prosperity and building – with houses spreading steadily down and beachward from the rocky northern sea-front beneath that Iron Age fortified hill – there was a Victorian attractiveness, of sorts, two Piers, and a visiting still discerning almost always impeccably dressed clientèle.

But now: now as the tide of causal Time had marked and passed a new century, the town, easily accessible by hubrismobile from both motorway and road, had grown eastward and southwards to attract an entirely different cast of human vessels. Commuters, to work in the nearby larger towns and that city to the North; and young, mostly playful, things who could be found in the early evening or the night, often in large gagging groups, thronging to and from the many Bars, Clubs, foodful places, and those dealers in drugs, which had grown, arrived, to serve then need them. And come the light of morning, some such young playful thing might be found beach-or-bench-a-sleeping – while jabbering querrelesome Gulls jabbered and jibbered – there where the mile-long promenade rose above that sandy shore. Humans, vessels, lost but found: surrounded, perhaps, as such young mortal causal beings often were, by discarded bottles, hypodermic needles, or squashed empty cans of beer. No wonder, then, that fights, and stabbings, became such a regular occurrence, so that as Dusk descended or another wearisome working day ended, regular Police patrols, a pair on foot, or cased within cars, egressed forth: pride in a stabproof vest; egressed, much as throbbing music seeping unslyly out from buildings when freshly falling night came to only half-cloak them, those vessels, for Homo Hubris, clubbing, favoured bright street-light.

But it was not only warmful night of Spring, Summer or Autumnal seasons that brought and caught them. For even the typical bleak dreary windy rainy Winter did not deter as it settled down there upon that modern haven made for Homo Hubris.

Synchronicity, or not, it was one such bleak dreary English Winter day that brought Elena and her two friendful-lovers to the town. For there had been a dream, one night, to both startle and awake her while her two lovers slept. A dream of such a mysterious, such a sensual, such a voluptuous woman as made her – there on that sandy moon-hewn beach – strain to reach out to touch and kiss her. Then she was running, after her, down toward where the flowing sea fractured such moonlight as seeped down briefly to each wave to make flashes, pulses, of almost incandescent iridescent beauty on and just below where that night of the highest of high tides only a small strip of sand was left exposed. Then she was in the water, kissing this not-quite-human woman of such beautiful beauty. Kissing, kissing, touching, fondling, entered and being entered, naked body to not-quite-human-body, fingers lips hand to moist cleft: until her lungs, her whole body, her very being, became filled with life – a stellar supra-personal un-dimensional life – and they two became, were becoming, one, there, where she became so briefly joyfully transported to that new beauteous formless living that awaits. But it was then and there as joy overcame her that the strange not-quite-human but warmful soft woman left, came out, from within around her, and a deeping sadness arrived to enter her – an uneerie, wordless, crying shrieking sadness that in its inner silence seeped in then out from her own new now strangely watery flowing fracturing body to become a part of her own weightful human feelings. A sadness so bleak – desperate – that she cried, and cried, and could not cease her crying until suddenly she awoke to lie rigid, unmoving, lest the love, the sensation, the beauty, the life, of that woman left her. And it was there as the sweat of the dream dried in the cooling breeze from her bedroom window that she sensed, knew, felt, touched and tasted the wordless straining silent longing of her new if strange lover: that longing to return to that wyrdful haunting acausal beauty that was her – now their – home: light-less, timeless, space-less, endless, and totally bereft of any and all denseful causal form.

Thus, and slowly, very slowly, she gently awoke the two that, with her, formed the empath that they were, so that they – her male and her female lover – would, without a need for words, see, smell, touch, feel and be what she had seen, smelt, touched, felt and been in those so fleeting moments of her just past dreaming and joyful joining. And afterwards, as they lay supine, entwined, and almost exhausted, each one of those three knew exactly what it was that they must do.

Anton Long

120 YEAR OF FAYEN



Yclypt

SINISTER MANIPULATION, WEAKLINGS, AND CULLING

It goes, almost without saying (but, verifiably, deserves saying, thus the premise of this article) that those who find themselves the object (or, more pointedly, the TARGET) of certain Sinister japes, and, indeed, sinister manipulation - of a certain sort - prove themselves to inhabit the demography of the weak - the un-Satanic - those who, and should, be the object (and again, indeed, the TARGET) of further (and further graduated - in terms of severity) sinister japes, sinister manipulation (of a decidedly “unfriendly” fashion) and - perhaps - more. Those who are thus cognizant and thus, fully-informed, of the methods, means and ways of “satisfaction” will, according to Sinister Tradition, indubitably, and readily, ascertain the sort of recourse hinted at. Said recourse which is not only indicated - but indeed - fully subscribed to and promoted by the Satanic Order of Nine Angles.

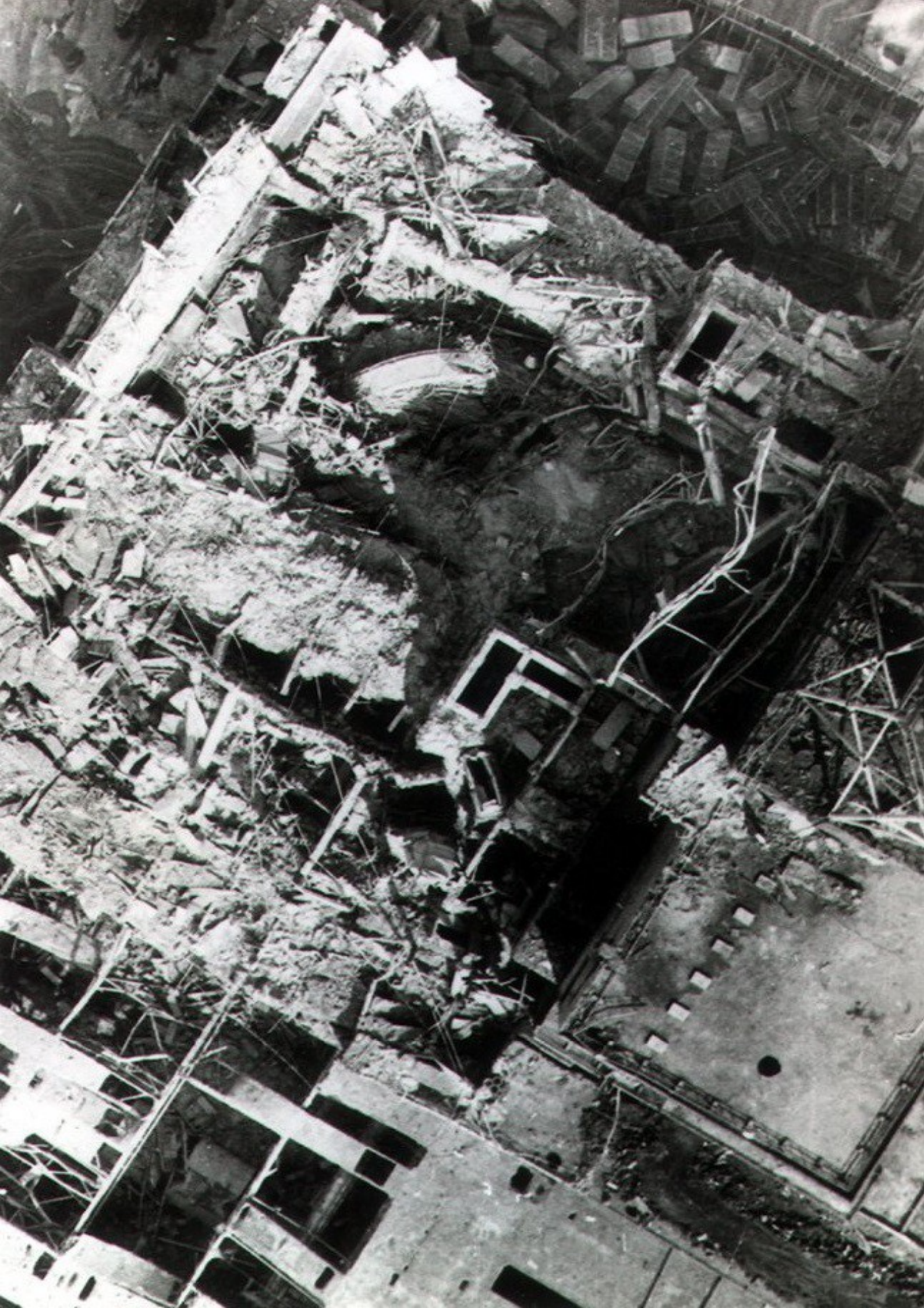
A part of the inherently vivifying nature of the Sinister - the sort of vivifying, life-affirming (in a Sinister context, that is) aspects of the Seven-Fold Sinister Way involve the brutal, and often, cruel, manipulation - transcendental to the squeamish considerations of the mundanes, the chattel - of organizations, groups and, most certainly, individuals, that lead to their pointed - and hopefully, painful - demise. The latter, albeit, “in one way, or the other” - as the old saying goes, though certain results will tend toward the “other”, at least, by the sufficiently adept.

What is the purpose of this “using”, this bald-faced use of manipulation and deceit, words which are so “dirty” to those who innately are (and those “would-be” adherents of the Sinister who, viscerally identify themselves with in fact) the mundanes who seemingly loathe - but yet continually to be victims, pawns and “tools”?

Is such a style, Satanic as it might be, indicative of some sort of “hubris” that is to be shunned as us, as Satanists, identified with what is crass, vulgar, etc. - an anti-thesis to the Sinister numen? Those who think so should not be pitied - but rather - purged. Purged from all circles, teachings and association (however peripheral such association may be) from arenas dealing with the Sinister. Let them have their books, their “archives”, their catalogs of useless information - whether “archived” electronically or physically - for such information is indeed useless, unless it is used.

Those who DO avail themselves of utilizing such information, information that has been in the public sector (in terms of availability) for many years will find that it only takes, for the creative, for the applicative reader, one or two MSS of the Satanic Order of Nine Angles in order to become a demon, a predator - an essentially merciless creature, imbued with the powers of darkness who will find it not only without considerations in terms of “moral turpitude” - but indeed - pleasurable - to apply the “black arts” of the Sinister predator - to whatever limits they themselves are willing to take them - upon such mundane canvasses whomever or “whatever” they might be, irregardless of station and other specifications informed by mundane morals.

Jall, ONA



RAW KALI

I do not worship Kali as a mother. Kali has no children. Her body is not a vessel of reproduction; it is a tool for terror and destruction. Kali does not carry a child; she carries a sword. Kali does not feed an infant; she feeds herself, on blood shed by her own hand. She may be viewed as beautiful, but she may also be viewed as grotesque; she is raw, naked, radiant, wild, and inspires both awe and horror. Her role is not inherently subservient, gentle, or nurturing. She kills, she fucks, she feeds, she screams. I worship Kali because I feel an affinity for Kali, I feel a desire within me to be among her witchy cohorts who slaughter, laugh playfully and terribly, and inspire fear. I'd sooner bear a weapon and take down life than bear life within me. I worship Kali as a goddess who is not confined either by her beauty and desirability, nor by her fertility and maternal qualities. She is no goddess of love, nor of motherhood.

Even Parvati, who is indeed a wife and mother, is more than a benevolent "mother" goddess. She is an ascetic, who undertook extreme austerities to win the attentions of her husband, Lord Shiva, whom she now joins in a life of empowered renunciation on Mount Kailash. Her children, Ganesha and Kartikeya, are not the product of ordinary conception and impregnation. Kartikeya was born from six flaming droplets of Shiva's spilt seed placed in the Ganges, producing six children which Parvati combined into one. Ganesha was made by Parvati as she was bathing, by scraping the sandalwood paste from her skin and forming it into a child. She utilized external resources and her own internal potency to shape and create these very powerful entities. In her role as Parvati, she is instrumental in bringing these demigods into existence and influencing them so that they may engage in the divine activities set out for them. But she engages in her own divine activities other than motherhood when there is need, by taking one of her many forms, and in the meantime she meditates on Kailash, still, potent, and ready.

This is why I turn to the Hindu understanding of female divinity (and divinity in general) most readily: it is thorough, encompassing the many aspects of power and pastime, rather than trying to pigeon-hole this understanding into limited, generalized definitions. There are many goddesses exhibiting many attributes, just as there is broad variety in the appearance, abilities, and personalities of human women. A goddess may be worshipped as beautiful, but another goddess may likewise be worshipped as ugly. You may worship a youthful goddess, or an elderly one. You may propitiate a martial goddess or a maternal one, according to her pastimes and yours. You may ask a goddess for health or wealth, for knowledge, for domestic comfort, for inhuman strength, for vengeance. A goddess may be gentle in nature, or she may be stern. A goddess may be compassionate, or she may be bloodthirsty. A goddess may be earthly, or she may be cosmic. There are any number of forms, and behind all of these forms is power. It is not superior to worship power without form anymore than it is practical to try and harness electricity without proper appliance. A goddess is not just an idea, a figure to be conceptualized and boiled down into some more easily comprehended notion: this is a "mother" goddess, this is a "war" goddess. Divine femininity is not a notion to wrap up female power into terms of sex, beauty, chastity, motherhood, &c., nor should these aspects be denounced or denied in favor of one over another. There is power in beauty, there is power in wisdom, there is power in rage, there is power in birth, there is power in austerity, there is power in desire, there is power in cruelty, there is power in calmness, there is power in effort, there is power in charity, there is power in struggle, there is power in labor, there is power in contemplation, there is power in harshness, sweetness, action, and inaction.

Kali may be a mother to one man, and a fright to another, and she may be turned to for protection from the horrors of everyday existence, or she may be sought out for benediction in enacting brutal duties. She offers solace with one hand, and blood with another. This is not conflict; this is completeness. I admire Kali as a being unto herself, and worship her in a sisterly mood, as the sister of Krishna, and a sister I would wish to have of my own. There are those who turn to her and love her for reasons other than my own, and she has the capacity to satisfy these relationships, just as an ordinary, individual human woman may play many parts to many people, yet always remain essentially herself. Kali has a female body, but she does not produce children, yet she is found to be nurturing by those who ask it of her. She is by her nature fierce, but she has the capacity for compassion. This is power. The potential for one form of power, without necessarily utilizing it (childbirth), the inherent, essential power of one's nature (ferocity), and also the willingness and ability to assume forms of power deeper than or beyond one's inherent nature (compassion). For me, Kali is about violence, wrath, and lust, but I love her all the more that she may also convincingly play the mother while her blade hovers threateningly. Such is the truth of divine femininity.

Jayalalita devi dasi

Azanigin...Azanigin...Azanigin...

MORE KAFFIR HYPOCRISY

In yet another display of kaffir hypocrisy, a functionary of the British government, while on a visit to Amerika, demanded that the Amerikan government ban videos, on the Internet, by Imam Anwar al-Awlaki (Hafidhahullah) on the grounds that such videos preach “hatred and violence”.

Meanwhile, even as this functionary, Mrs Neville-Jones, was speaking, Amerikan troops – supported by their British allies and by Pakistan collaborators – were busy with their task of murdering more Muslims in Afghanistan and Pakistan by un-manned drones, just as British occupation troops in Afghanistan were busy with their task of kicking in the doors of Muslim homes in their quest to find, arrest, humiliate, and imprison (and if necessary kill) any Muslim who might be part of the Muslim resistance to the infidel occupation of their land.

Naturally, the Amerikan authorities – those alleged champions of free speech – censored the Internet and banned the videos, although it is the Amerikans, along with their allies, the British, who are and who have been the greatest preachers of hate and violence. For just how many tens of thousands of Muslims – in places such as Iraq and Afghanistan – have the Amerikans and the British killed, and just how many hundreds of thousands of Muslim deaths and injuries have they, by their policy of invasion and occupation and regime change, been responsible for in the last nine years? One hundred thousand Muslims? A quarter of a million? More? At the very least, the kuffar are responsible for the deaths and injuries of a quarter of a million Muslims, more probably of a million Muslims.

Also, just how many tens of thousands of Muslims have Amerikan and British troops humiliated, tortured and imprisoned in the past nine years?

What are we to conclude from all these deaths, from the humiliation and torture of thousands upon thousands of Muslims, and the imprisonment of tens upon tens of thousands of Muslims – in their own lands by infidels? That the kuffar are non-violent hippies preaching universal peace and love? Or that the kuffar are violent preachers of hate? A violence evident in the hundreds of thousands of Muslim deaths and injuries they are directly and indirectly responsible for, and a hatred evident, for example, in the interrogation manuals of their military forces where threats, sensory deprivation, intimidation, and enforced nakedness, are to be used to humiliate Muslims and get them to “confess”, supply information, and break their spirit so that they obey the kuffar.

The hatred of the kuffar is evident, for instance, in the torture at Abu Ghraib and Bagram. It is evident every time they send their aerial bombs (their drones) to kill more Muslims. It is evident every time they demand – on pain of death, imprisonment, and “re-education” – that we Muslims abandon our duty to implement the hukm of Allah (Subhanahu wa Ta’ala) and instead embrace the Tawagheet of the kuffar, such as democracy. It is evident every time they in their utter hypocrisy ban our literature and every time they make our calls for resistance illegal. It is evident every time they train their stormtroopers – their soldiers of occupation and their soldiers of fortune – to kick in the doors of Muslim homes in their quest to find, arrest, humiliate, and imprison (and if necessary kill) any Muslim who might be part of the Muslim resistance to the infidel occupation of their land. It is evident every time they ban or they seek to ban Hijab or Niqab or the building of minarets and Mosques. It is evident every time they demand that we assimilate to their kaffir ways.

For what exactly is the alleged “crime” (in kaffir eyes) of Imam Anwar al-Awlaki (Hafidhahullah) and others like him? It is in calling Muslim to resist and to fight – to undertake Jihad against – the infidels who have invaded and occupied their lands, and calling upon the Muslim resistance to take the fight to the lands of the invaders given the wholesale slaughter and intimation and imprisonment of Muslims that has occurred and is still occurring in Muslim lands at the hands of the kuffar and their collaborators.

How many people is Imam Anwar al-Awlaki (Hafidhahullah) alleged, by the kuffar, to have killed or been responsible for killing? A dozen? Two dozen? Even three dozen dead would, surely, pale almost into insignificance compared to the estimated one million deaths the kuffar are responsible for in the last nine years alone.

Thus is the utter hypocrisy of the kuffar exposed, yet again – as it has been exposed by the recent Wikileaks of secret military documents from Iraq and Afghanistan, documents which chronicle the behaviour of kaffir troops, and the killing, torture and humiliation of Muslims at their hands.

The truth is that the British and the Americans – by their actions in places such as Iraq and Afghanistan – seem to be doing almost exactly the same as the Nazis did in Europe: invading and occupying foreign lands, imposing a form of government upon the peoples of those lands, killing, torturing, humiliating and imprisoning those who resist them, and getting help from collaborators and Quislings. Just how much money have kaffir governments given to collaborators and Quislings in Iraq and Afghanistan in order to get their help and their assistance in tracking down – and killing or imprisoning – members of the Muslim resistance? Just how much money have kaffir governments given to collaborators and Quislings in the lands of the West in order to get their help and their assistance in tracking down – and killing or imprisoning – members of the Muslim resistance?

In a statement issued by the British Home Office, a government flunky said: “We are determined to tackle extremism, blah blah blah...” and which statement, shorn of its kaffir-speak, means “we are determined to stamp out the Muslim resistance to our policies, which policies have so far resulted in the deaths, injury and imprisonment of a quarter of a million Muslims, as we are determined to get Muslims to be moderate, by which we mean getting them to assimilate to our ways and life-style and allowing us to do what we want in their lands as well as letting us introduce bans restricting what they can say and wear.”

As Imam Anwar al-Awlaki (Hafidhahullah) said: “Jihad today is obligatory on every capable Muslim.”

Abdul-Aziz ibn Myatt

26 Zul al-Qidah 1431

BLACK MOUNTAINS

Toua Leb Attor traveled alone, almost, only accompanied by those of his close-kin, through the mist-enshrouded, formidable and quite inherently dangerous range of the Smokies. Attor was a teenager at that time, and, as such, a one at such a young age, occupied himself in the backseat, as it were, along for the ride as the case may be, listening to his cassette-player walkman, listening to hymns of his own, personal, ethos - championing blasphemy, excess, war, and suicide.

He pondered deeply on such subject matters thus presented to him, however subliminally, yet also explicitly as well, in a sense, as the early-nineties Japanese Sedan groaned under the strain of the territory through the passageway through the Appalachias.

Many a dark tunnel would be passed - stretches nearing a half-mile or more - carved out of the very rock of these, the most ancient of mountain ranges (at least, according to the geological histories that Attor had been exposed to during the course of his - however brief - studies within the public high-school system.)

Range upon range of Sinister forests presented themselves to Attor, filling him with a sense of his-self beyond his/her-self, almost, and, indeed, probably full-on, inhabiting that secret, that occult realm, a realm when, where and within unknown and unseen spirits dwelt - livid, swarming, conspiratorial, in wait for those - those empathic few - who would, who could, who willed, to enter into their realm - both bleak, both living, and third elements present as well, possessing a myriad of potential futures - those elementals, those sprites, offering the bayonet crucible of choice toward their own dark, faery kingdoms and those who, perhaps, sought to enter, far from and beyond that recessive human civilisation, that fading, that inherently denying, that world of the human mundanes, inept as such in that startling, initiatory, occult focus offered by the earth, itself.

Attor found himself inhabiting multiple situations while traversing Appalachia. Some, as a guided hike through a supposedly ancient subterranean cavern, where he, alone, stayed behind, as the guide and visitors moved forward, hissing a Sinister Chant into the vortices and absurd angles of the cavern itself so that the Dark Gods might be, might become, manifest.

In another, varied, situation, Attor found himself, not-driving, yet as a passive passenger, but ever-aware of the danger present, snaking through treacherous roads amongst the sorcerous and concealing fog of those ancient mountains, with possible death of even a near precipice easily obtainable - ever-present, ever-conscious.

He occupied himself with a certain book, from years ago, obtained, as it were, in the remote and fog-encased village named after a certain Swiss villa, along the dangerous, descending road, reading of a time beyond human time and, within such meditations, transcending, alone, time it-self.

Years later, in even more treacherous conditions, (both moral and physical), Attor, himself, alone, found those twisted and winding roads, through the southern West Virginia mountains, through pathways which few humans in the nowadays sense sought to tread, leading toward incestuous, fanatically provincial and insanely remote areas where the native inhabitants thereof had not, during their lifetimes, for the most part, left the boundaries of their county itself - a treacherous, snaking area - riddled with sudden cliff-

drops and deadly ravines which, in their time (which is formidable) had, as it were, subsumed many lives - a nature-all and, indeed, fateful earth-based culling, in all respects.

It was in such areas that Attor, alone, without support of family or ancestral clan, found himself, alone, amongst both a treacherous, and, in some cases, insurmountable atmosphere, amongst people who, those of ten-years residency would still be looked at as suspect and, indeed, outsiders. In such climes and in which he found himself, alone, isolated, working feverishly toward the manifestation of that which, in ONA parlance, is known as Vindex, amongst the hoary evergreen trees and bizarrely sloping hills, saturated, as it were, with the blood of soldiers of internecine strife, outlaws and, in oft cases, involuntarily so, very rural recluses and, in certain cases, opfers.

Jall, ONA



FILIA DIABOLI

Setting: Steel building
Temperature: 90 degrees Fahrenheit and rising
Equipment: Iron, steel and concrete-filled plastic weight plates. Two standard (non-Olympic) barbells, one pair weight-adjustable eighteen-inch dumbbells. Bench.
Pacing: One-and-one-half hour or less.
Weights: Heavy training (demanding weight.)

* * *

Bench press (barbell): 9 sets of 10 repetitions, 1 set 20 repetitions
Curls (dumbbells): 7 sets of 12 repetitions
Standing military press (barbell): 6 sets of 10 repetitions, 1 set of 15 repetitions
Curls (barbell): 7 sets of 10 repetitions
Flat bench flyes (dumbbells): 7 sets of 12 repetitions
Standing overhead Tricep extension (dumbbell): 7 sets of 12 repetitions
Incline press (dumbbells): 7 sets of 12 repetitions

DARK EMPATHS AND THE SINISTER PATH

What then is the nature of an empath, that decidedly dark empath, in the context of the Sinister Path? Writings on the subject of the Rounwytha as it relates to the ONA specify that the ONA-way, meaning here in the Seven-Fold Sinister Way context, in short, consists of certain esoteric methods of self-development, originally practiced by the Rounwytha and most recently recorded as it relates to the Camlad Rounwytha, to which military-type training has been added. Thus, as to military-type training, we have the sort of physical ordeals as specified in “Adeptship: Its Real Meaning and Purpose” dated 1992 eh, detailing the specific challenges as had been practiced successfully by one such Adept, with nearly in all cases identical examples of the same, specific, military-type training ordeals echoed in other MSS within the larger ONA corpus.

This in itself points to a curious - and very Sinister - *modus operandi* amongst the ONA as it relates to the Rounwytha and the Seven-Fold Sinister Way. Those who are the Dark Empaths - as specified and described within ONA texts regarding the Rounwytha - are inherently empathic to life, sensitive to suprapersonal forces, whether animal, human or beyond-human. As well, in stark contra-distinction to those who have wrongly criticised that the Rounwytha is some attempt to co-opt the decidedly lukewarm and mundane doctrines attributable to the modern-day phenomena of “Wicca”, we see that the Rounwytha, in fact, according to tradition, hold no similarities whatsoever as it relates to such erroneous and inherently Sinisterly-Numinous-denying concepts as “non-violence” and “harm ye none.”

The Rounwytha, those dark, those innately and implicitly sorcerous beings are - indeed - empathic to life and sensitive to these forces - however, in fact, for “weal or for woe”, in the most base and concrete sense of the demarcation intimated therein. For those so living amongst their purview whom they feel, feeling empathically, should flourish, who are naturally a part of the wyrdful, growing and then, eventually, dying, natural transitions, they can, by their empathy, aid, and heal, through various means. In like manner, that which is seen as inherently rotten, that which is inherently a cancer upon the healthiness of the land, whether human, animal or otherwise, they can harm, and indeed remove, through both practical means as well as esoteric means which bring a decidedly practical result.

In certain cases concerning the Rounwytha in modern times, in a certain Midlands area of a certain country, it has been observed that the Rounwytha have, by dint of an empathic intent, far-removed from the elaborate ceremonialism and ritualism of some, been able to effect serious corrections on individuals whom by their deeds, their lack of certain other deeds and their rottenness of character, suffered serious physical harm - including (but not limited to) cancer of the lungs (for those whose tongues offended) and collapse of the lungs (for those whose activity proved themselves untoward toward the healthiness of the area.)

These type of machinations, innate in their execution, yet, decidedly serious in their consequence, are indicative of those dark, those “negative” marks of the Rounwytha - executing their seeming sorceries in secrecy, in seclusion, without word, name or invocation, yet bearing that most natural, that most harvest-oriented fruit of reaping, that most domestic connotation of correction.

Combine these traits, these most empathic in nature, nameless, formless, yet undeniably potent and psychic skills, with the military-type training as adhered to and encouraged by

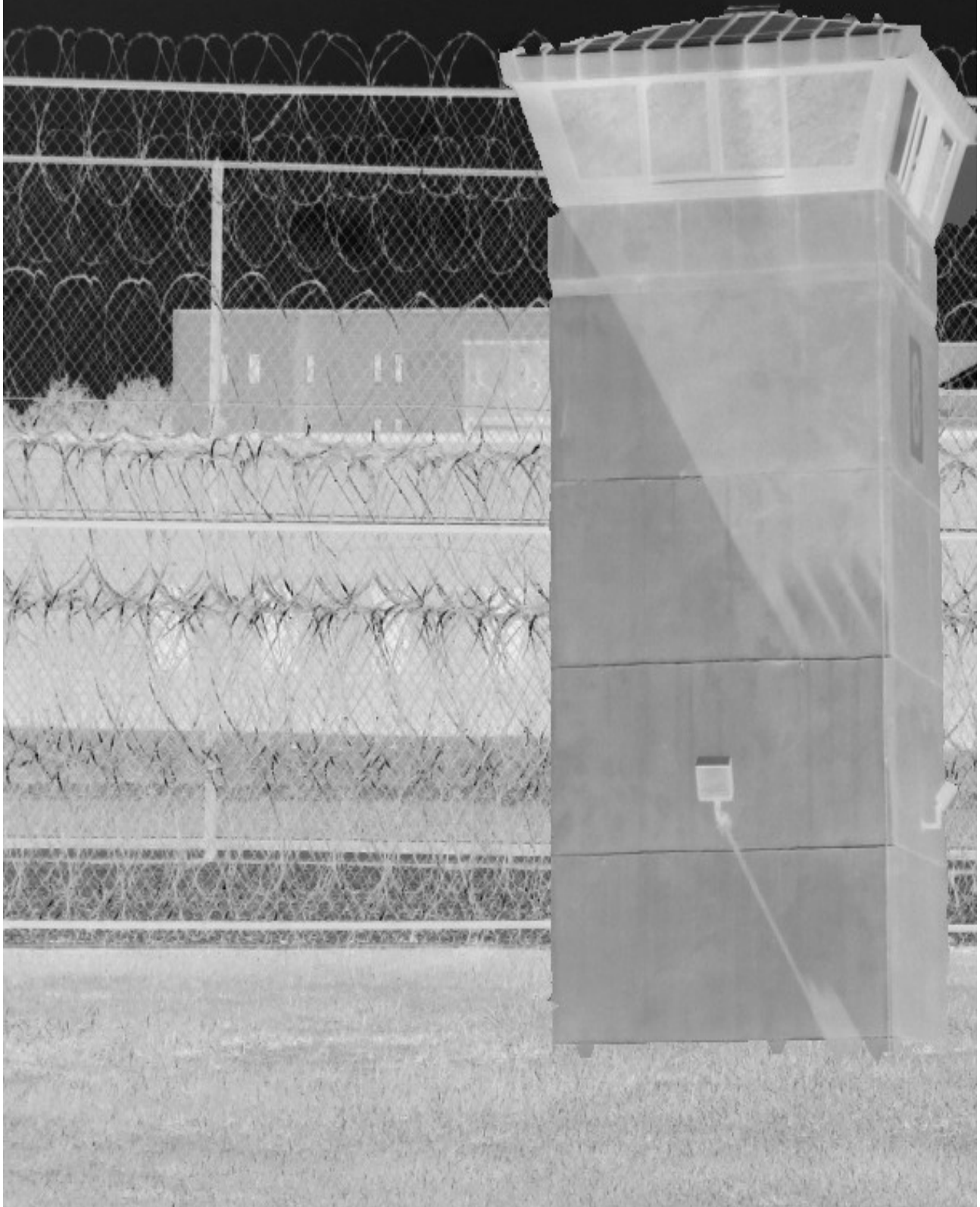
the Seven-Fold Sinister Path, Traditional Satanism, the ONA-way, and we will see the birth - nay - rather the continuation, in essence, yet evolving of the same - of that special lineage which will make the very earth quake and the inhabitants thereof tremble.

Jall, ONA



Sacrificial conclusion

IRON GATES



IRON GATES

Chapter 1

The filthy infant lay screaming upon the moist floor of the forest as her mother, her cries almost as shrill as that of her child, stood several paces away, pinned against a tree by two uniformed, anonymous figures. The field marshal approached the child and gently prodded its clothing with the razor-sharp bayonet point attached to his AK-74 copycat model, specially made for him in the clandestine armaments factory operated directly by members of his unit. Whereas most who were fortunate enough to be equipped with firearms were relegated to utilizing older and carefully maintained weapons from existent stockpiles, certain elite ranking individuals such as himself were supplied with freshly minted firearms such as the one which he now held, for reasons of both practicality and prestige. Hot air infused with his ever-present rage blew from his nostrils, his eyes were wide-open and bloodshot and this along with a heavy black mustache arranged his face in a decidedly intimidating veneer. The cold blue point of the bayonet continued to toy with the flimsy garments of the squiggling child, slowly opening its shirt to reveal a pale white chest holding a fast-beating heart, sped up considerably due to duress, thumping heavily beneath its flesh.

Seeing this from her location several paces off the mother's cries of distress began to reach horrific proportions. The field marshal raised his left hand in a brief gesture, to which the guards holding her responded by grabbing a handful of her honey-blonde hair and yanking her head downward as another attached a rubber ball-gag to her mouth, stifling her screams so that now only the sound of the infant's cries permeated the wooded landscape. As if on cue, the field marshal suddenly arced his rifle behind his head and drove it down, skewering the child on the tip of the bayonet. The bayonet set deep into the innocent flesh, directly penetrating into the child's heart, causing a stream of arterial flow to shoot several feet into the air. The field marshal raised the rifle back up into the air above his head, the bayonet bloody with the crimson flow from its most recent child sacrifice, a veritable moloch in the form of a machined rifle, the small child's limbs convulsing in its death throes. Deftly and with much skill, as he had assuredly done this before, the field marshal held the rifle at an angle so that the blood flowed downward without soaking the precious oiled metal of the main part of the gun. Smiling beneath his thick black mustache, the field marshal eyed the mother: his eyes filled with an insane mania, hers filled with a shock beyond all reason. The child's cries were now silent and he placed his mouth in line of the blood flow allowing the rivulets of blood to fill his mouth, staining his face and mustache in hideous ornamentation.

After making his point known and as the blood began to cease its flow, the field marshal lowered the bayonet, still bearing the twitching infant on its point, and unceremoniously pushed the corpse off of the weapon's deadly accoutrement with one heel of his combat boot. The child hit the ground with a dull thump, the last of its blood spreading around in a muddied pool upon the earth, its milky eyes frozen in the pangs of death. The field marshal looked at his guards, their faces revealing nothing but cold, cruel eyes behind the black balaclavas which were the hallmark of the internal security forces. The field marshal raised his left hand in a similar brief gesture as before. "Do as you want with the woman and with the remains of the child." With that and a final sardonic smile, this time aimed at his men, he turned from the scene and marched several yards into the forest toward the small tent that functioned as his temporary headquarters for small unit operations in the area. Behind him, the guards paired off with the woman and the corpse of the child respectively,

enjoying their peculiar tastes to the hilt.

Inside his tent, the field marshal sat down in a shadowed corner and took a cloth to clean the infant's blood from his face. The child's blood had encrusted in his mustache from his earlier imbibement and his attention to grooming in this respect was left half-undone intentionally, so that his men could visibly view the tell-tale signs of his cannibalistic orgy and so that he himself could enjoy the traces of the harsh iron scent of the child's blood, reminding him of his undertakings, a notch in his myriad successes. Unlike the pathetic excuses for military formations before the nuclear wars had etched their memory of mass murder onto the fields of the earth, the military formations now wore their proclivity for bloodshed on their sleeve. That was as it should be, according to some at least. The field marshal turned to the black screen of his small portable laptop, a scaled-down version more similar to a stand-alone word processor than the more sophisticated equipment that generations before him were once used to and, lighting a cigar and letting the smoke billow around his face, he began to write the minutes of the last several days' operations which were quickly drawing to a close. Soon he would be back at headquarters and then the real work would begin.

Since the last time he had been at HQ the pressure of unfolding events had heightened considerably. The entire organization was undergoing a brutal increase in internal discipline, some referred to it as a purge, commiserate with its continued successes on the field. Usually in charge of a much larger force, the small unit action he had been undertaking during the last several weeks made up for what it lacked in manpower in the level of its sensitivity and the brutality and efficiency with which he had accomplished his orders thus far, assuring him of continued prestige and favor in the eyes of the commander. The commander was the ultimate authority and was the highest deity within the organization, although various death cults worshipping varied demonic entities and past martyred operatives flourished amongst the rank and file, which helped boost their morale in an otherwise hellish situation and also seemed to provide inspiration and increase operational acumen in the fulfillment of their equally hellish missions. As long as the commander remained at the helm as the unquestionable deity, a thousand flowers were allowed to bloom in relation to subversive cult factions. No great wonder, considering that most of them were manufactured directly by the intelligence sector itself and disseminated quietly, giving the impression that they were organic in manifestation.

The headquarters of the organization was housed in a giant and imposing stone structure, the nerve-center which was housed in what was a former high-security federal penitentiary in the old days and which now served as the fortress housing the commander and large numbers of shock troops and internal security forces. The organization had annexed the infrastructure of the surrounding small towns that had once survived economically via employment at the penitentiary, with the security level of the resident operatives living in the area increasing or decreasing according to their proximity to the main compound. In the administrative buildings behind the concertina wire, hundreds of faceless individuals worked in the offices and interrogation rooms of the internal security sector, of which the field marshal's personal security force were members.

The commander stressed the importance of extremely harsh discipline within the organization, with an internal apparatus of repression to match his unmatched megalomania, rising paranoia and fanatic need for cultivating an atmosphere of absolute terror within and without. Punishment of the corporal nature from levels going from conservative to obscene was normative rather than being the exception to the rule. If terror reigned supreme within the organization itself, the commander reasoned, then those so exposed would be perfected as instruments to spread terror outside of territories currently

acting as organizational strongholds. The administrative buildings housing the internal security personell at HQ were split seventy-five twenty-five between offices (some inside former cells) responsible for amassing reports, organizing surveillance material, the drafting of indictments and enhancing internal disciplinary policy and the punitive units, which busied themselves exlusively with interrogation, torture and incarceration.

The former penitentiary had proved an ideal command center and residency for the organization thus far, being virtually impregnable by conventional means from the outside and equally hard to leave from the inside, as appropriate to its former use. On the exercise grounds where convicted murderers and rapists in the old society used to lift weights and walk the track to alleviate the paralysis of a forced sedentary existence in confinement, new murderers and rapists, this time cultivated by the state rather than confined by it, now used the same area as a military drill ground. Black uniformed shock troops, blood lust bred into their very flesh, could be seen training in rotation day and night on the drill grounds, making for a sublimely indimidating sight in the dead of the night as they trained under electric generator powered light, an anamolous sight in the new society where open flame was the standard. The sound of incessant marching, frequent firearms and explosives training, drill masters barking orders from high atop raised platforms overlooking the training areas, frequent alarm sirens piercing the night and the pressurized atmosphere of the prison buildings bathed under gigantic spotlights even in the dead of night were a testament and sign of the commander's undisputed authority and the prowess of the organization which he had built up from nothing.

Once back at HQ the pace of work would take on an intensity that would make the small unit action he had seen here seem like a vacation in comparison. The field marshal relished the stresses of the battlefield and reveled in the gory brutality that was the hallmark of his campaign style yet, like some perverted sexual deviance that was both compelling and revolting simultaneously, nothing could match the stressors of life on the base. It was as if even the presence of the commander behind the walls of the concertina-wire laden fortress, physically unseen the majority of the time but apparent everywhere, was enough to push the entire facility to psychological boiling point at all times. Soon he would be back.

Chapter 2

Instead of being on the drill grounds with the rest of his tactical shock unit at 2:00 A.M. as scheduled, Private Bonn was facing another kind of ordeal altogether. Ten minutes before he should have been marching down the dimly-lit corridors toward the drill grounds with the other men from his barracks a call came over the intercom system. A blistering crackle of distortion erupted from the decrepit wall-mounted speakers followed by an anonymous voice, the standardized organizationally-induced attitude of indiscriminate hatred being the only inflection: "Private Bonn, report to inquiry center immediately, Private Bonn to inquiry center."

The fact that this had been broadcast over the intercom system at all, sounded aloud in every last corner of the former penitentiary, was injurious enough in itself. Usually any suspected disciplinary infraction of a degree warranting investigation at the inquiry center would be relayed privately via use of a personal courier acting on behalf of their superiors' orders in internal security. Those who were proven guilty beforehand did not receive a notice, they were simply extracted from their sleeping quarters in the dead of night and never seen again. With the announcement going over the P.A. at an equally nocturnal juncture, it was obvious that psychological warfare was at play, as even a seemingly simple order to report would mark him with high suspicion amongst all of his peers, a gauntlet

which had now been thrown down with no mistaking. With the hard eyes of the other shock troops avoiding his glance as they vacated the barracks for drill, it was glaringly obviously to Bonn that the intercom message itself was already tantamount to an indictment in effect. In an anonymous police state within a police state, as the HQ most certainly was, having his own name publicly associated with the inquiry center in anyway whatsoever was much worse than anything that he could have faced at the hands of his unit superiors.

Now Bonn stood alone beneath a vast concrete archway, waiting for the remotely-controlled steel door to the outer portion of the former inmate hospital to open. The entire former hospital building was huge, consisting of three gigantic wings outlaid in steel, concrete and brick and even more secure than the other parts of the high-security installation. Within the former government that held power over the building, one of the stratagems employed for confining those deemed criminally insane was to foster a system of incarceration within incarceration, which meant that not only were such individuals incarcerated but they were also independently committed and confined to certain sections of the institution with it's own rules and administration. The organization continued this thread within the arts of penology, but employed it in more diverse fashions than the former administrators of the penitentiary would have ever dreamed. The first wing consisted of administrative offices, main ward and medical operations, the second had been used for the terminally ill and doubled as a medicinal storage repository and the third wing had housed the psychiatric facility. Other than a routine interview held in an adjutant building at the beginning of his enlistment, Bonn had never stepped foot in or near the inquiry center in several years, nor as a sane person did he have any desire to do so.

High above on either side of him and to the right, huge-bodied internal security guards stared down at him from their watchtowers, their faces completely black in balaclavas and tinted goggles, silenced MP5 submachine guns clutched threateningly in their black-gloved hands. A low buzzing sound started as the steel door to the inquiry center's lobby began to slowly open, revealing a brightly-lit foyer, suprisingly antiseptic in feel, with concrete block walls painted cheap white, sparsely decorated with various unit crests from the internal security forces. Bonn entered and was met with surprise when he felt a light tap on his shoulder.

"Private Bonn?"

The voice emanated from a female officer, nearly his own height, dressed in the same black uniform as himself, the only distinguishing feature being the presence of a polished Sam Brown belt and a small inexpensively-minted chrome-colored badge which marked her as part of the building's security detail.

"Private Bonn, officer."

The officer nodded at his confirmation and pointed to the far end of the foyer leading towards a heavy metal door with a small wire-mesh window inlaid three fourths of the way up.

"Follow me."

They proceeded to the other door and then on through to a long corridor, the officer removing a large set of keys and opening then locking the entrance behind them. The keys were facets of the original infrastructure of the prison, which came ready made for the commander's purposes. Nearby military installations had been looted of their hardware

and then abandoned, manned by heavily armed squadrons of security troops who guarded some of the decaying military hardware still stored there. While built for launching offensive measures in the past, most military installations had focused on waging war abroad, not domestically, whereas the penitentiary served a very local purpose which made it more secure than the former bases.

At the abandoned bases most of the various large land vehicles and aircraft simply sat, pilfered for random parts and materials as needed. The large amounts of refined fuels necessary to run such mechanized behemoths were long gone and the human personnel knowledgeable on how to operate them were generations dead. Easily maintained vehicles that could continue to function well on old, dirty, mixed and experimental fuel, like combat jeeps and certain of the smaller armored trucks represented the extent of the organization's motorization. Use of fuel-driven vehicles amongst the non-military populace in areas run by the organization did not exist and even amongst the organization itself their use was becoming less and less frequent as time went on. Whereas elsewhere in the world there were some backwards-thinking dreamers who sought to squeeze the last drop of hope from remnants of the old civilization, the organization was coldly pragmatic in pursuing new ways of doing things. What the organization lacked in ability to harness still existent technologies of the former era was made up for in their ability to inspire - and inflict - heavily ideologically-based terror. The gadgetry of the decadent consumerist society of the past was now mostly useless, but accounts of former dictatorships and the doctrines and methodologies used to hold them together had a more eternal quality, qualities that had been adeptly mined by the commander in his obsessive rise to power.

Private Bonn and his escort stopped at a closed door to the left, halfway down the corridor, further on which led to a large secure area in which was located the former operating theatre. By this point Bonn was sheathed in a cold sweat of mounting paranoia, exacerbated by the presence of his escort, who came across as utterly cold and devoid of any conscience whatsoever. The latter attribute no doubt facilitated her being part of the internal security force, who pleased like nothing else in feeding on their own. In the shock troop units and squads there was still the necessity of maintaining some sort of mutual consideration in order to be functional on large-scale combat missions, however twinged with sadism that mutual consideration might be. Internal security were under no such restraints and represented a different animal altogether.

In the organization it was an unstated rule that seniority was decided by how cruel and insane one had proven themselves to be, both in nature and application. Considering that, the commander was the supreme in cruelty, supreme in the pathology of applied human control mechanisms, and the internal security units functioned as the direct manifestation of that hideous will.

Bonn's escort rapped on the door twice in rapid succession at which point a buzzer sounded and the door clicked open with a jolt. The uniformed female gestured that Bonn should enter on his own by pushing the door slightly ajar, allowing him to hold it open before turning and marching off back in the direction from which she had come. Not knowing whether he was about to enter an interrogation room or something potentially worse, Bonn entered and the heavy door closed behind him, locking automatically. The room in which he now found himself was several degrees colder than it had been in the corridor. A black internal security unit banner bearing initials and a unit crest involving crossed rifles and a symbol that Bonn did not readily recognize hung behind a large wood frame desk at which sat a severe figure who, like all other personnel on base, was garbed in a black tactical combat uniform. Unlike the uniformed officer who escorted him in the corridor however, this man's uniform was unique in that it bore no distinguishing sign of

rank whatsoever: no unit crest, badge or flourish designating status, nothing at all that would betray what section of the organization to which he was attached.

The coldness of the room was offset by the acrid stench of stale cigarettes. Most people smoked the hand-rolled deal these days, which came in do-it-yourself packets produced within the organization for those who choose to so imbibe, however a few of the uppers had access to the old factory-made filtered kind which had been painstakingly preserved through a variety of humidification processes down through the intervening years. Glancing at the brown glass ashtray sitting on the man's desk, the private could see that he had been smoking some of the filtered variety, which marked him as higher on the pecking order than anyone he had ever met with one-on-one in his career thus far. Beside the ashtray sat a large bottle of liquor marked with a factory label. In most cases whatever might be in the bottle would assuredly not be what was on the label due to the growing scarcity of anything before the "late unpleasantness" (an understatement if there ever was one) however, considering the existent anomalies that he had observed in this man's office thus far, Bonn halfway thought the label and the liquor might match in this particular instance. Directly in front of the man sat a thin black binder.

"Private Bonn, please have a seat."

The man's voice was rough, perhaps a testament to his obviously high-end tobacco habit, and carried no discernable accent that Bonn could trace. Bonn saluted before taking a seat on the plain metal folding chair at the place it had been positioned, which sat him facing the internal security personnel square on across the desk. The man was completely bald, whether naturally or from shaving could be not ascertained, more than likely he was in his forties and with a face heavily lined from stress. His left hand grasped a pen which he tapped against the desk in rapid staccato fashion, as if gathering his thoughts.

"Let us cut straight to the chase Private Bonn. You can address me simply as officer, is that sufficient? Right. Take a look at this photograph."

The officer opened up the black binder, which contained a notepad, several folders and a side pocket containing an envelope and an embossed business card, with no name but bearing the same standard as featured on the crest displayed behind his desk which, in its bizarre and disturbing design, seemed to exude the measure of death in every shape, form and fashion imaginable. The officer removed the business card with one swift motion and replaced it facing face downward, having taken notice of his subordinate's interest. Bonn was impressed, the officer was edging him on, proffering information then concealing it. This was the hallmark of the diplomacy of espionage.

Bonn looked down as the officer placed the envelope in front of him.

"Open it."

Bonn complied and duly opened the envelope as instructed. Several black and white photographic prints, glossy and thus obviously coming from an organizational surveillance unit operation, featured a youngish girl with black pigtails bearing a penetrating stare and livid countenance. The first photograph showed her sitting on a bench somewhere on the compound, dressed smartly in a tailored black uniform, which intimated implicitly her importance to the chain of command, as such perks as tailored clothing were not often given out and certainly not at random. Most organizational uniforms were of roughly a one-size fits-all variety and it was up to the individual organizational personnel to make any necessary adjustments on their own.

Taken at a distance, the image on the photograph was immediately recognized as one having been taken surreptitiously due to the angle from which the picture was taken, which would have not been ideal had the image been taken in an openly stated and official capacity. She sat cross-legged on the bench, casual in posture, the contours of her black uniform pants revealing a very thin, starved figure. Bonn scrutinized the area in which the photograph was taken, noting some small trees in the background and a building that looked both easily recognizable as being part of the commander's vast compound yet also unrecognizable in terms of its exact location.

"Have you been having sexual intercourse with this individual Private Bonn?"

Bonn looked at the officer incredulously, his attention snapping from his analysis of the picture to the unnamed officer before him. He had never seen the girl before in his life and was needless to say not at all pleased with the way that the surprise interview at the inquiry center was going thus far, as he now understood that he was inhabiting a dangerous precipice from which it would be very easy to fall very far into hell.

"I have never seen this girl before in my life officer."

"I think you've been fucking her."

Bonn's face began to redden, as the officer's mood began to move into that of a hostile interrogation.

"Admit that you've been fucking her!"

Bonn said nothing.

The officer burst out of his seat, walking around his desk and bending slightly down, putting his face less than two inches from Bonn's ear. His left hand snaked around the back of the folding chair, his palm situated on the private's left arm, thus able to immobilize it immediately should Bonn make the slightest move. Meanwhile, the officer's right hand had raised as to grab a hold of Bonn's collar. The choking was not physically painful to the private, but the message in the forced discomfiture was, as it were, quite resoundingly clear.

"Do you need me to call some people in here to talk to you in a way that you can understand, private? Because you are obviously not understanding me, nor do I believe you are even trying to understand me, isn't that right?"

Bonn could feel the moist breath of the officer on his ear and neck as the officer made his inquiry in an evenly stated tone, while gradually tightening his grip on Bonn's jacket. Any moment the unbridled sadism would break loose, Private Bonn could feel it in his guts.

The officer released his grasp on Bonn and stepped back several paces.

"Put your face against the wall trooper..."

"I have never seen this..."

"PUT YOUR FACE AGAINST THE FUCKING WALL YOU SON OF A BITCH!!!"

Any move at resistance would only make things considerably worse, so Bonn walked

briskly to the nearest wall and put his nose against it as commanded. Once obediently assuming this posture, the officer promptly walked up behind him without warning and slapped his opened palm against the back of the private's head with all the force he could muster, making Bonn lurch forward and bust his nose with a resounding crack against the concrete black wall. Blood began to pour from Bonn's nostrils in torrents. Bonn grasped at his nose blindly in an attempt to stop the flow of blood before beginning to back away from the surface of the concrete wall.

"DID I TELL YOU TO BACK AWAY FROM THE FUCKING WALL YOU GODDAMN ASSHOLE??? DID I FUCKING TELL YOU TO DO THAT???"

As the screamed admonishment fills the room the officer shot his arm out, grabbing a small fistful of Bonn's hair before driving his face back into the wall, causing Bonn to scream in pain as blood began spurting anew and with great force out from between his fingers, which still held onto his face in a vain attempt to stop the arterial flow coming from his now twice-broken nose.

Whatever test the private was undergoing he now understood that he was losing and losing fast. His vision was blurry from squinting in pain and shock at the sudden brutal facial wound, his head having also absorbed a portion of the impact against the unyielding concrete wall of the small office within the inquiry center. Bonn began staggering backwards as he felt two other sets of hands, not the officers, grab him from either side and lead him toward the officer's desk.

"Put that piece of shit over the table."

The officer, now visibly more composed and somewhat recovered from his aggressive exertions, walked over to the table and removed the glass ashtray and the bottle of liquor with one hand and the leather folder and photographs with the other, placing them out of harm's way on top of a nearby file cabinet, drab grey in color. Meanwhile, two internal security personnel who apparently had entered while Bonn was in no state for observation, faces completely obscured in black masks and tinted goggles, dragged Bonn over to the desk. Still bleeding heavily, Bonn found himself being bent over the table, his belt being unfastened and his trousers and undergarments being pulled around his ankles.

The officer paused and removed one of the pictures from atop the file cabinet, sliding it into a clear plastic sleeve which he removed from the binder. This he proceeded to slide onto the table directly at eye level with the unfortunate private, now held firmly down on either side by the black-masked and black-attired security guards.

"Dear private, I want you to once again ask you to take a very close look at the picture in front of you. Pay very, very close attention to this face. I am going to ask you several more times if need be, but not for long, certainly not indefinitely, as we are all busy about the organization's work, isn't that right? Well, should I say that is we should be, we should be. Have you seen this individual private? We know you have. I know you have personally! Have you had sexual intercourse with this individual perhaps, perhaps even engaged in mutual insubordination against the rule of the internal state together, acting in tandem, acting against the wishes of the commander himself even by proxy? Just let us know private, let us know and you had best let us know right fucking now!" The officer emphasized the last three words by thumping his fist against the table, causing the picture of the girl to fillibrate from the resultant vibrations.

Bonn suddenly felt a cold chill move over him as he recognized the sensation of a gloved

finger, greased with some unknown lubricant, being slowly and persistently inserted into his rectum. Bonn stared into the picture, studying the minute counters of the thin-faced girl as the security guard drove his finger deeper into the private's entrails, the gloved knuckles of his other fingers grinding against the exposed flesh of the private's naked backside. The violated walls of his anus, stretched out of capacity with no notice from the cold leather-encased finger, caused indescribably painful protests in his internal nerve-endings. Blood flow from the busted nose had now stopped and the existent blood began congealing nastily, clogging his nostrils and causing the private to breath belaboured through his mouth, accenting the mood of the molestation now taking place. Bonn's mind began to race. What was he supposed to do?

"Sir I have never seen this girl in my life..."

Bonn's voice now sounded like he had been the victim of a three week long cold, as all normal breathing had ceased from his blood-clogged nostrils, causing his mouth to gape open in an attempt to increase oxygen flow into his lungs. The pathetic delivery of his riposte to the officer's accusations was multiplied by the discomforting and revealing position he was now in, bent over the table like some unfortunate wife preparing for the wild thrustings of a drunken husband.

"...but if you want me to say that I have seen her, then I have seen her."

"DON'T FUCKING PATRONIZE ME YOU PIECE OF FILTH, YOU FUCKING SHIT!!!"

The officer's mood had now returned to fully hostile in tone and in an ever-increasing degree than before. Bonn attempted to gather himself to provide some split second reasoning that might assist him in the situation. All the while he continued to stare involuntarily into the black and white photograph of the unknown individual placed before him, the edges of which were now splattered with his own blood. Bonn took note of the plastic casing and could feel the turn of the screws within his own mind, the officer was obviously quite thorough and had more than likely gone through this routine before. At this point, Bonn's mental sanity began to crack around the edges. In a brief moment of stress-induced hallucination, he could almost believe that the figure in the picture was smiling slightly at his plight. Bringing himself back into the present, he garnered his remaining strength and shouted back at the officer the best he could in his uncomfortable position.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY?"

He could hear low spoken orders exchanged between the officer and the guards and the finger which was jammed into his guts now became two fingers and moved in as deep as possible, while the other guard jammed a nightstick against the small of the private's back, pinning him more securely to the officer's desk and causing him to arch in a posture that was increasingly obscene, as no doubt was appropriate to the situation.

"Private Bonn, I am getting so sick and tired of this endless back and forth. You are now wasting valuable organizational time. You are wasting the shock troopers time, your comrades' time soldier, as you should be on the drill grounds right now with the other men, this very second? Isn't that right? This very fucking second?"

Bonn made a groan confirming his assent to the officer's inquiry.

"But instead of being out on the drill grounds, under the gaze of the commander and you

know he is watching at all times, instead of being out there training to be a killer, you are here in my office taking it up the ass like a little fucking slut, aren't you, aren't you, you piece of fucking shit!"

As accent to the officer's lecture, the guard inserted a third finger into Bonn's rectum and began thrusting back and forth, causing the private's chin to smear the blood now profusely staining the officer's table. Bonn could feel an uncomfortable rumbling deep within his intestines. Things were going very, very wrong.

"Don't you want to go back to the drill grounds private?"

Bonn made a guttural sound that somehow managed to communicate his acquiescence to his interrogator.

"Good, now we are getting somewhere private, you have a goal in mind and goals are important in this life. We have established that you are wasting your unit's time, however something that also bears airing in the open is that you are wasting my valuable time as well, by continuing to prolong this interrogation and yes, you can tell for yourself by this point that it is and interrogation. Self-criticism without self-rectification is nothing, private, nothing whatsoever!"

"When you waste my time and when you waste the time of internal security then you are directly offending the commander himself, the commander's institution, the commander's mission. You like fucking around with internal security or whomever and whoever, no respect for anyone, for any-fucking body?" The officer picked up a leather blackjack from atop one of the file cabinets and slammed it down on the desk less than an inch from Bonn's face.

"So private, dear, dear private, if you want to continue to live at all - I repeat - IF YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED IN DYING THIS FUCKING SECOND - then you need simply confess and then we can debrief you, end of story. Do you understand? That is the path to your resolution - I am making it as clear as it possibly can be what your option is."

"Officer..."

"Yes?"

"I..."

"SPEAK UP PRIVATE!"

"I confess!"

The words came out strangely due to the stress of his nose injury, which was now certainly beyond all repair and the continued pressure of the gloved fingers probing him from behind.

"You confess?"

"I confess!"

"You confess? Speak up you piece of shit!"

"I CONFESS!!! I CONFESS!!! I CONFESS!!!"

Bonn felt the nightstick dig deeper into the small of his back.

The officer's face, visible from the corner of his eye, had become a grimace of an even blacker rage which was fast rising to the surface.

"Private Bonn you do not even DESERVE TO LOOK AT THIS PICTURE!"

The officer snatched the photograph in the plastic casing off the table and out of Bonn's line of vision, replacing it on top of the file cabinet with a resounding thump.

"You confess to seeing this girl? You confess to seeing this girl? Did you just tell me that you 'confess'??? Well I say that you have NEVER seen this girl! In fact I am quite sure that you have never seen this girl in your entire miserable life. Are you trying to make me look like an idiot? Well, well now, I think you are the idiot. Soon enough you will be able to discover how much of a goddamned idiot you are for lying to me, lying to internal security, lying to the whole goddamned organization. May as well be lying to the commander himself right? I say again Private Bonn, and I emphasize this so that it will sink in with no chance of misinterpretation on your part, that based on your response you are a fucking LIAR and furthermore you are more than likely a goddamned TRAITOR AS WELL!"

Bonn began to weep silently, adding the salt of his tears, moistening the still-wet blood stains on the desk.

"Clear him out, he doesn't even deserve that much!"

Bonn felt the gloved fingers withdraw from his anus in one abrupt motion.

The nightstick withdrew from the small of his back and with a shove, he felt himself being pushed off the table, slumping to the floor involuntarily.

"STRIP THAT TRAITOR!"

The guards, faceless and terrifying, stood him up straight, ripping open his combat jacket and removing every other existent piece of clothing from his body within less than two minutes time. One of the guards removed a large knife from his utility belt and slit all the shoelaces from the private's combat boots before pulling them off and throwing them to the side, thus removing them considerably faster than would have been possible in a more conventional manner.

"DS to control, DS to control, come in control."

The officer now sat back behind his desk, speaking into a CB-type radio apparatus.

Electronic distortion poured through the attached speaker unit on the small piece of equipment and an anonymous voice spoke on the other end of the line.

"Control."

"Get two more guards in here and bring some restraints, we are sending this one into R&D so be ready on your side within the next ten minutes for receipt."

“Confirm on that DS, guards are on their way.”

Before the officer had even sat his microphone down, Bonn could hear the unmistakable sound of combat boots running down the corridor, along with the metallic jangling of chains.

The door buzzed, opening the lock and two large guards burst in, dressed exactly like their counterparts. They came in shouting and in full raid posture, with firearms drawn, metal chain and leather restraints attached to clips on their belt.

“FACE DOWN ON THE GROUND!!! ON THE GROUND!!!”

The first set of guards who had now succeeded in stripping the private naked, Bonn now only wearing the blood stains on his ruined face, pushed Bonn down and spread him out flat onto the ground, face-down, as the other two guards moved in, holstering their weapons and attaching manacles to his ankles. Handcuffs followed, bringing his hands behind his back. Both sets of restraints were then attached to each other, rendering him hog-tied.

“Good-bye Private Bonn, this could have been considerably easier if you had simply played by the rules.”

Bonn felt himself being painfully gripped at each limb by the four guards and being lifted up from the ground. The coldness of the room was trebled in his state of forced nakedness.

The officer rose from his desk and walked in front of the guards. Bonn’s face stared downward toward the floor and then, as the officer moved closer, he saw the officer’s leather boots come into his view.

The officer grabbed Bonn by the hair, raising his head so that he could see his face despite his awkward position. Bonn’s eyes, clouded with tears and blood, saw through the painful haze the cruel face of the officer, an angry scowl on his face, sweat dripping from his forehead.

“Next time it won’t be so pleasant I can assure you that, hope that you remember that when you get to where they are taking you.”

The door buzzer sounded and the officer walked over, holding the door open for the four guards who proceeded to exit the office with their prisoner.

“Guard.”

The guard holding onto the private’s left arm turned his masked face toward the officer.

“If you don’t mind, tell them down at control to send someone in here to clean up the mess, I like to keep a tidy desk.” The officer turned back, looking at the reddish stains pooled across the wooden surface of his desk with disapproval.

“Yes sir.”

The officer retreated into his office, closing his door behind them and leaving the guards to do their duty.

At a breakneck march the guards proceeded down the corridor towards the secure area. A few administrative secretaries were loitering in the corridor outside of one of the investigative offices and cat-called as the guards passed with their bare-assed, hog-tied and weeping captive.

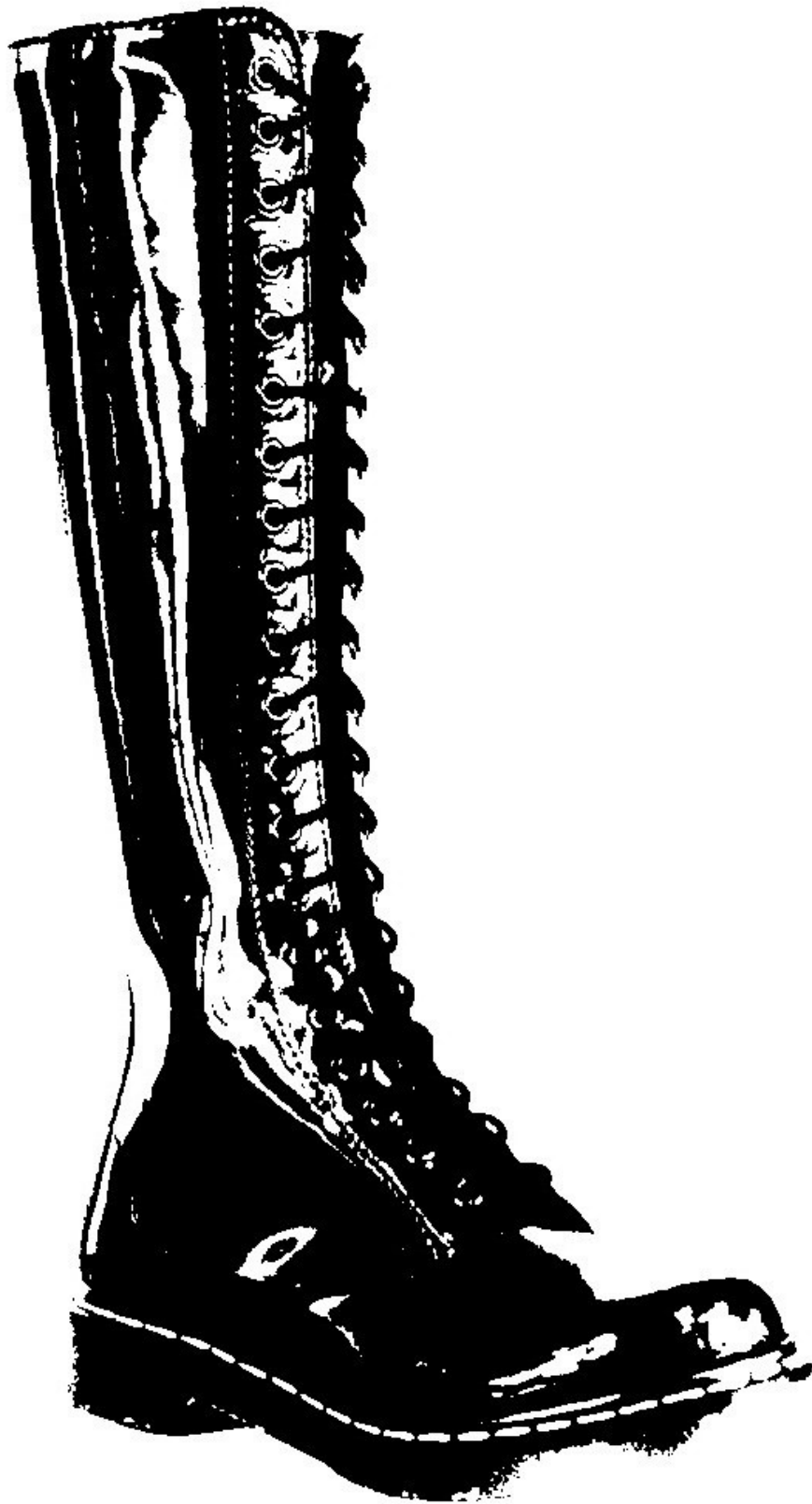
A brunette holding a clipboard turned toward the other secretary who had whistled and lowered her glasses, arching her eyebrows mischievously.

“That little piece of meat is going to be in for the time of his life sister!”

Both women began laughing. The laughing was not pleasant.

The guards, Bonn in tow, marched past the painted line on the ground designating the beginning of the special secure area leading toward the other wings of the internal security building and, proceeding down another corridor to the right, disappeared into the interior of the facility.

Tempel ov Blood, 2010



*Ah. That's better.
Now things will change.
golgotha.*

"It's happening."

"I know."

"The mother of demons?"

"She has been evoked."

"The goddess of Destruction, in physical form upon the earth."

"Yes, she is here at last."

"Agios O Azazel..."

